

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXVIII. No. 2181

London
April 14, 1943



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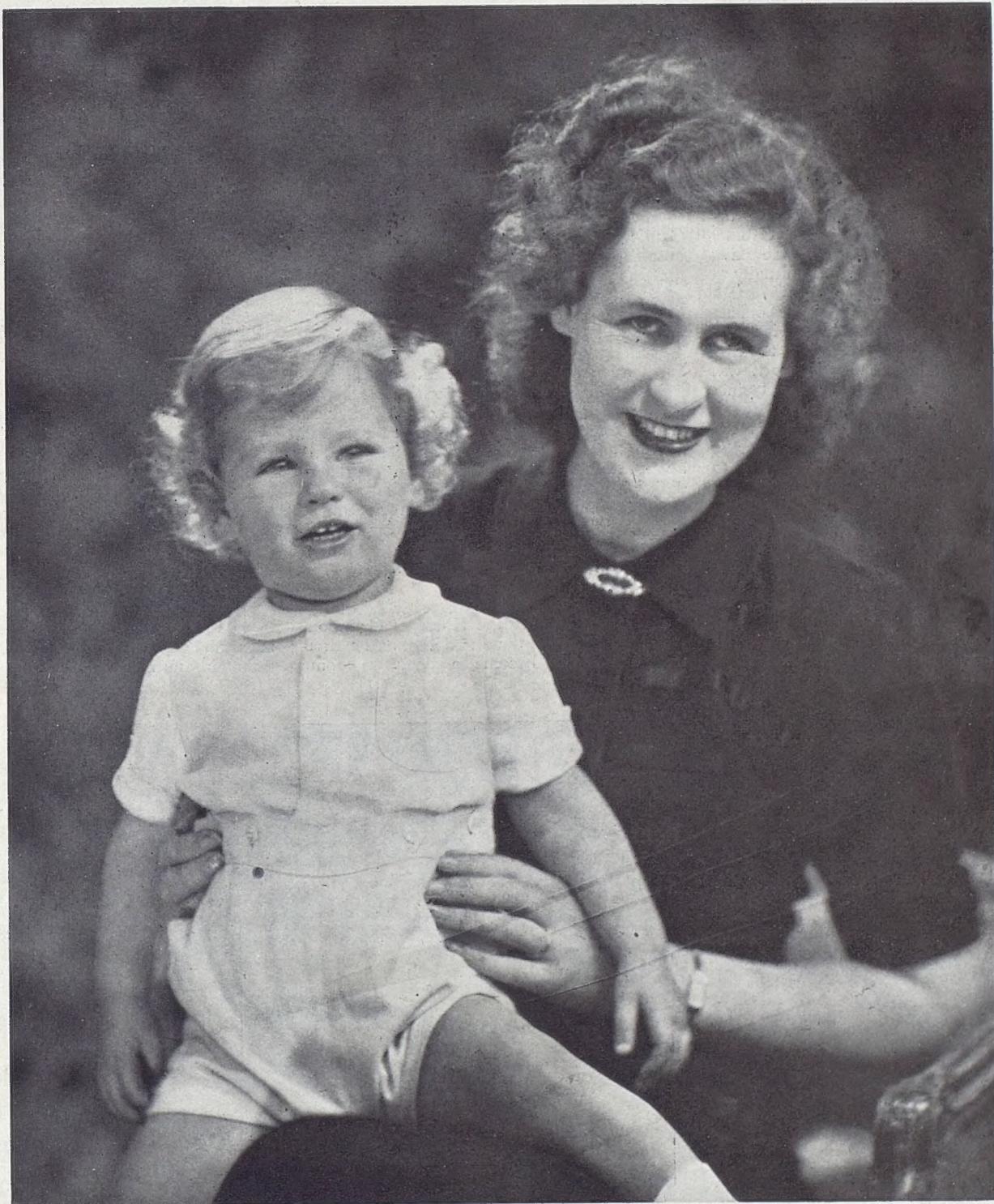
and BYSTANDER

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Price :

One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXVIII. No. 2181

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



The Hon. Mrs. Dennis Smyly and Her Son

The Hon. Mrs. Smyly was formerly the Hon. Dorothy Berry, and is the third of the late Lord Buckland of Bwlch's five daughters. She was married four years ago. Her husband, Major Dennis Smyly, is serving in the 16/5th Lancers, and her son, David Henry, seen with her in this picture, was born in 1941. Mrs. Smyly is at present working in an aircraft factory



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Royal Guest

ONE of the King's recent engagements, which did not appear in the Court Circular, was a dinner given by the Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street. His Majesty then met all the members of the War Cabinet and several other Ministers. The dinner provided an opportunity for a general discussion about the progress of the war: a unique opportunity for the King to join in ministerial discussion, for according to the Constitution his Majesty cannot preside at Cabinet meetings, only at meetings of the Privy Council. His Ministers in Cabinet Council are his advisers. Usually the King receives Ministers individually and formally at Buckingham Palace at regular intervals. Although these are supposed to be official audiences, the formality does not survive very long because the King prefers a heart to heart talk as man to man. I believe that it was Lord Baldwin who instituted these Cabinet contacts between the King and his Ministers. They were not confined to members of the Government, but often included members of the Opposition. Lord Baldwin's idea was to develop closer contacts between the Monarch and leading members of all parties. This was before the war, but Mr. Churchill has developed this policy and the King has been a frequent guest in Downing Street.

War Review

WITH the progress of the campaign in North Africa the Prime Minister is preparing a careful account of events for one of his periodical

war reviews in the House of Commons. He plans to deliver this before the adjournment of Parliament for a short Easter recess. It is doubtful if Mr. Churchill will have such a long report to give as he did after his return from the Casablanca Conference. But there are aspects of the North African battle which he may wish to emphasise. One of them is obvious: it is the degree of co-operation which has developed between British and American forces. There are other features, not excluding the political difficulties which, by the decision to delay the meeting between General de Gaulle and General Giraud, must remain unsettled for some time. It appears, after all, that the French in North Africa are not ready for unity such as Mr. Churchill would like. Only a complete military victory in North Africa will apparently convince some Frenchmen that the success of the Allies is assured, and that their victory is certain. Obviously it is impossible to do business with people who want to back both horses. Let this be clear: neither General de Gaulle nor General Giraud are in this dilemma. They have no doubts about ultimate victory, though they may have different views about the means and about the leadership by which this can be achieved. It is the conglomeration of political personalities in North Africa which makes the achievement of unity difficult to attain at this moment.

All Out

BY his statement in the House of Commons the other day on the question of nationalisation which has become a bogey to some

Conservatives, Mr. Churchill showed the clarity of British policy. "Our policy," he said, "is everything for the war, and after the war is won a fair, free review under normal British political conditions." Some of the fears of Conservatives have been justified by the manner in which aircraft concerns have been taken over by the Government. The difficulty has been that the Government cannot in wartime reveal all the facts in support of their various decisions. This has caused politicians to imagine that the wartime powers of the Government might prove to be the thin end of the wedge which might open the way to nationalisation of not only the aircraft industry, but other industries. Mr. Churchill set many minds at rest when he said that he could not conceive that this Government would embark on such a policy, with all its implications, without consulting, not only the House of Commons, but the country. He then struck the difference between wartime conditions and peace. I believe, however, that it will be necessary for all who believe in free enterprise to be watchful, for the powers possessed by the Government in the hands of another Government might be misused.

New Vision

EVEN Mr. Herbert Morrison recognises the value of private enterprise, and he is the keeper of the Labour Party's conscience, or, at least, he is more active and practical in trying to preserve it. He has declared that there is a very powerful case for private enterprise in appropriate fields. He denounces "private unenterprise," and wisely warns the Labour Party that we must face a shrinkage in some of our old markets. In other words, Mr. Morrison realises that we will have to fight for fresh markets if we are to maintain a healthy standard of life for all in this country. It is pleasing to have such an admission from one of Labour's leading members, for it shows statesmanship in Mr. Morrison's outlook which is wise. In his opinion the Labour Party has been too defeatist in its outlook, and tended to think in terms merely of opposition and



Three More Awards for Gallantry at a Recent Investiture

Captain Richard Onslow, R.N., took his wife and son to the Palace when he received the D.S.O. and two bars. The second bar was awarded for gallantry, skill and resolution in escorting a convoy to Russia



For gallantry during the Alamein advance, Lieut-General Herbert Lumsden, D.S.O., M.C., received a bar to the D.S.O. He succeeded the late Lieut-General Gott as a corps commander in the Middle East, and is a well-known horseman



Commander J. Goudy, R.N., who comes from Newcastle-on-Tyne, was one of those to receive the D.S.O. at the investiture, for bravery during the sinking of the Bismarck. His son John went to the Palace with him

demands for better social conditions and higher wages. All of this is true. There has been little constructive thought in Labour politics for many years; constructive in face of a practical world in which markets by which we all live must be won and held. By his statement that he will not desert the Labour Party "whether it is in alliance, or whether it is alone," Mr. Morrison seems to indicate that he would prefer the Party to continue sharing the responsibilities of the Government for some time to come. This is real wisdom. Clearly Mr. Morrison was speaking in advance of the Party's annual conference at Whitsun. The fight to end the party truce will then be joined. Inside the Labour Party it is thought that the truce-enders will be thoroughly beaten.

Air Changes

AIR MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS EVILL's appointment as Vice-Chief of the Air Staff does not come as a surprise. He takes the place of Air Marshal Tedder, who was appointed, but did not fill the post, because he was needed to take charge of the Allied air forces in the Mediterranean. Sir Douglas has been head of the British air mission in Washington for just over a year. Before that he was senior Air Staff Officer of Fighter Command and helped to win the Battle of Britain. He is highly regarded by his colleagues for his keen mind and remarkable versatility. Incidentally Sir Arthur Harris, Bomber Command's chief who has just been promoted Air Chief Marshal, and was formerly in Washington, has just celebrated his fifty-first birthday. In the last war Sir Arthur was serving in Rhodesia—a bugler at one time—and learned to fly while on leave. As soon as he could, he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and since then has piloted every type of machine.

Refugee Problem

NOW that Mr. Anthony Eden is back at the Foreign Office Mr. Richard Law, who has been deputising for him, is to lead the British delegation to the Bermuda Conference on

Refugees. This is one of the several conferences decided on by the British and American Governments which will follow each other from now on. The plight of refugees is one of the saddest results of Hitlerism, for their sufferings can never be adequately described. To be starving, homeless and hopeless must be worse than being in the front line or even than being bombed. There's little to hang on to when you have lost everything but life itself, and this must be difficult away from friends and relatives. It is this great human problem which the Bermuda conference will set about examining. Obviously there cannot be any immediate and far-reaching remedy. The first step must be the admission by all the United Nations of their share of responsibility for these hapless individuals, and an undertaking that all will be done in co-operation to help them.

Currency Plans

THE experts of the Brains Trust have told Britons that nations do not fight wars with money; they don't need money for this. A nation fights on its internal credit, which means that the labour potential of a country is its greatest capital asset. This was always Hitler's argument. But in a civilised world, where there is freedom to trade, there must be an organised system of exchange. So the experts in Washington and in London have been, for some months, preparing plans for the world of money after the war. Lord Keynes has produced a British plan which has been circulated simultaneously with Mr. Morgenthau's American plan. Both plans advocate control of exchanges to end unwise competition, and both plans propose a new international money unit. The British unit is called "bancor," the American "unitas." The experts are to meet in Washington soon to see what measures of agreement can be reached on the basis of the two plans. Agreement will not be reached easily, for experts do not agree easily.

So we amateurs must be patient. All we can hope for is that after this war there isn't going to be a money war.



Guests at a Luncheon

Amongst those present at a lunch given by the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, in support of the Surrey Army Cadet Force, were Lieut.-General J. G. des R. Swayne and the Bishop of Southwark



A Bishop and His Host

Sir Malcolm Fraser, Bt., Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, was the host at the Cadet Force lunch, and had beside him the Bishop of Guildford. Sir Malcolm is president of the Surrey County Army Cadet Committee



Two More Guests

Major-General Dudley G. Johnson, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., had the Hon. Roland Cubitt as his neighbour at the Cadet luncheon. Mr. Cubitt, who is Lord Ashcombe's eldest son, has been Vice-Lieutenant for Surrey since 1940

Royal Spectators at a Film Première

King Haakon of Norway and King Peter of Yugoslavia went to see the first performance of "Commandos Strike At Dawn." It was a special gala performance of the picture, given in aid of King Haakon's Fund for Norway. Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Lee are in the cast

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

To Tell or Not To Tell

By James Agate

To what extent should a critic give away the dénouement of a film? The cinema is too young for this question to have been greatly debated; it was, I imagine, first raised in the theatre in the days of the old Greek dramatists. After declaring the nature of the curse imposed by the malignant gods on some unlucky human, these old boys devoted the subsequent drama to the working-out of the declared curse. Some thousand years later Racine and Corneille, adapting the old tragedies to the French stage and thinking less highly of their Parisian audience than their forebears did of Athenian playgoers, remodelled the plays with a view to a surprise ending. Which always reminds me of the story of Peacock's landscape gardener who laid out his garden so that the visitor should be gratified with a surprise view. "Pray," asked somebody, "what do you call it when he walks round a second time?"

PERHAPS a definition of a masterpiece might be that it is a piece whose shock is not appreciably diminished when you see it for the second or even the tenth time. I cannot remember the time when I did not know about Lady Macbeth descending the staircase with her lighted taper, or Lear entering through that sunlit arch bearing in his arms the body of Cordelia. Even before I had seen these things on the stage I had read about them, and it is therefore impossible for me to imagine what the effect of their unexpected impact must be. (I suggest that the aesthetic value of both is not fully grasped until the element of surprise has disappeared.) There are, of course, plays whose end is foreseen from the general trend of the story. Does any playgoer, half-way through the piece, imagine that their creators are going to allow Joseph Surface or Hedda Gabler to get away with their misdeeds? And I don't think that the spectator's pleasure would be appreciably spoilt if he had read before going to the theatre how either play ended.

EVEN in the cinema the best films are not spoilt by a foreknowledge of the way they are going to end up. Does anybody suppose that the murderer in *The Little Foxes* is going to spend the rest of her life in untroubled serenity? On the other hand, I entirely agree that it may be a mistake to reveal beforehand how your British Secret Service agent gets away from the Nazi court-martial with a strong guard at every door. Besides, every good cinema-goer knows that he gets away by jumping through the window at the back, the Nazis being, of course, too stupid to realise that back windows are the very thing for egress.

I HAVE been asked not to give away the dénouement of *Keeper of the Flame* (Empire). It would even appear that there are two secrets to be kept—a minor one and a major one. We see Spencer Tracy, journalist turned biographer, and Katharine Hepburn, widow of a national hero, imprisoned in a blazing hut, the doors of which are locked. Minor secret—how do they get out? Or don't they? Now Katharine has been accused of virtually doing away with the national hero, described as "a man who stood for all that is noblest and finest in democracy." If Katharine were on trial in real life I imagine the defence would be (a) that she didn't connive to do away with her husband and (b) alternatively, if she did it was for the noblest and finest motives. Now since ten minutes before the end Katharine confessed that she could have saved her husband but didn't, we arrive at the major secret—what was the motive behind the wife's failure to prevent her husband's death?

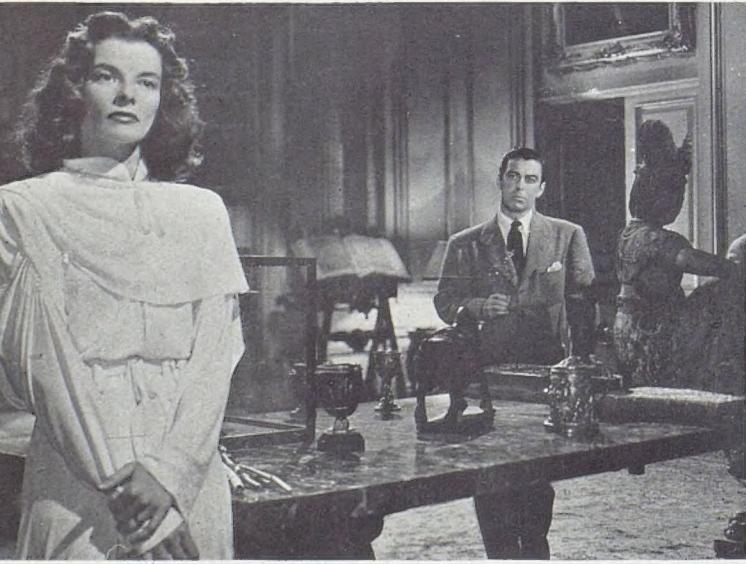
I do not propose to give either secret away, having been courteously requested by the urbane management not to do so. But I must be allowed to say that I personally found the end disappointing and largely unconvincing. Is it possible that we are having too much propaganda? There is a good performance by Spencer Tracy, and almost better ones come from Richard Whorf as the hero's sinister

secretary, Margaret Wycherley as the hero's insane mother, and a first-class boy actor, Darryl Hickman, as the hero's gate-keeper's son. Katharine Hepburn, alas, gives almost no variety to a drama through which she stalks as though hounded by the entire Greek Mythology.

ONE of the most attractive small cinemas in the West End is the Gaumont-British Tatler theatre in the Charing Cross Road, and here I saw two Russian films. *Little Humpback Horse* is a fairy tale in Technicolor, the first we have seen from Russia. And judging by this picture, the rest of Europe has nothing on that extraordinary country. Walt Disney himself could not have improved on the fantastic multi-chromatic beauty of some of the scenes, the half-fascinating, half-terrifying depths of the ocean, the Breughel-esque colouring of the peasants at a fair, the arresting seascapes and the ravishing landscapes.

AND the story? Well, not a very marvellous story, perhaps. All about an old Czar who wants to marry a beautiful Princess, and how the shepherd-hero after incredible adventures, wins her for his own. No, it's not the story which makes this film so well worth seeing, but the naïve charm of it and the novel technique, in which the characters, although they talk (and these include animals and even the moon!) do so *sotto voce*, while the loud and very audible voice of Mr. Noreen Craven translates the dialogue almost word for word, thus doing away with those sometimes rather distracting captions. And what of *Little Humpback Horse* himself, the reader may ask? He is a magician and a mascot, this horse, but not too grand to eat raw carrots provided by his master. In fact, if you like mascots go and see this film at once, for besides Horsey there is a flower mascot and a feather mascot. In fact every one is either a mascot or a monster, and I like both species exceedingly.

THE film called *69th Parallel*, which follows, is a Russian documentary in ordinary photography, but about very extraordinary people—the Russian Northern Fleet, their trials and their triumphs, in an unknown region off Finland where the Arctic Ocean laps the shore of the Kola Peninsula. This interesting material is very ably handled.



Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy Co-teamed Again in "Keeper of the Flame" at the Empire Theatre

Directed by George Cukor, M-G-M's latest film "Keeper Of The Flame" is now in this country. It is based on the novel by I. A. R. Wylie, and is reviewed by James Agate above. Special mention is given to the acting ability of two of the cast whose names are at present comparatively unknown in this country—Richard Whorf and the boy-actor, Darryl Hickman. Richard Whorf, as the secretary whose strange actions have such sinister results, is seen above (left) with Katharine Hepburn, the widow of his dead boss. Darryl plays chess (above right) with newspaperman Steven O'Malley (Spencer Tracy). It is Steven's persistence which finally brings to light the truth and tragedy of a "great" man's personal life.



"Commandos Strike at Dawn"

Canadian Scenery, Men and Machines Make This a Realistic Film of Nazi Occupation Horrors



"Any Norwegian found on the streets after nine o'clock will be executed . . ." The Nazi colonel (Arthur Margeson) announces the German "New Order." Behind him is Alexander Knox, outstanding as the German captain

Commandos Strike At Dawn, realistically made by Columbia in the woods and fiords of Vancouver Island, British Columbia (which closely resemble the countryside of Norway), tells the story of Norway in its suffering under the heel of Nazi occupation. Hundreds of commando-trained Canadian soldiers, men and equipment of the R.C.A.F., invasion barges and a converted auxiliary cruiser took part in the film. The result is an exciting and authentic story of how one man (Paul Muni), by nature a gentle character whose hobby centres in the ways of the weather and of fish, is converted by the evidence of Nazi bestiality, into a man of action, a fearless patriot, ready to kill or be killed. It is on this man's information that British commandos strike and destroy a vital enemy airport. Directed by John Farrow, the tense excitement of the film is sustained from start to finish

Eric Toresen is a widower with one little girl, Solveig (Ann Carter). Before the outbreak of war, he falls in love with an English girl, Judith Bowen (Anna Lee), on holiday in Norway. Later, Eric's death in action prevents their marriage



On information received from a Norwegian patriot, British commandos land in one of the fiords. Their object is to find and destroy a secret airport stocked with planes for attack on Arctic supply lines



Eric Toresen (Paul Muni) is the Norwegian patriot who leads the commandos to the airport. In front of the troops, he advances up the hill with the captain of the commandos (Robert Coote)

One of the earliest victims of the Nazis is Bergesen (Ray Collins). It is on his release, physically and mentally broken, that the Norwegians realise what they are up against. He is seen with his wife (Lillian Gish)



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

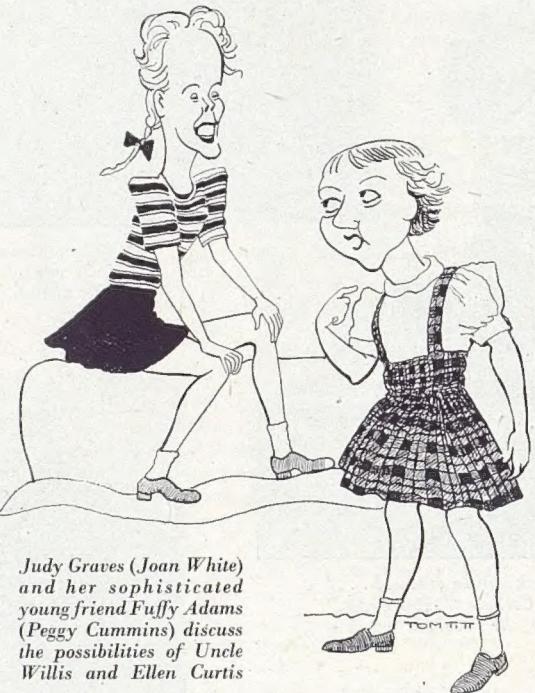
Junior Miss (Saville)

SPARE the rod and spoil—I had almost said the *child*; but that would hardly cover the callow fauna that dominate this American play. Judy and her fellow co-eds look enough like children to deceive us at first into accepting them as such, and then being irritated by the mistake. They are young—heavens, how young!—and they speak a language we may deplore but most of which we understand. Judy has human but curiously subservient parents of whom she and her sister take full and provoking advantage. In short, so closely do they resemble children, as we on this side of the Atlantic know them, that even while we chuckle at their behaviour, our strongest impulse is to storm the footlights and remedy their parents' culpable neglect of the rod. Which (as Smee used to say) "is a kind of compliment" to them and their clever impersonators.

Judy, whose behaviour would be tolerated only in her own home, is what nature and parental laxity have made her. More a menace than a caution, she has what glib assayers term a heart of gold. She doesn't mean to be, she merely is, insufferable. Her temperament is unbridled, her imagination inflammable, her appetite inordinate. Her tact is a minus quantity. Every time she opens her lips, she drops a load of bricks. She mistakes other people's business for her own, and has an irresistible urge to re-arrange her parents' lives. When her plans miscarry, and the domestic heavens have fallen to her altruistic sapping and mining, her remorse is heart-rending. But no sooner is she soothed and forgiven, than she plunges into penitential operations that complete the disaster.

Films are part of the trouble. They give her ideas. Instead of sewing her sampler, wrestling with simple arithmetic, memorising the dates and doings of George Washington and his successors, or whatever stiffens the curriculum

of a young co-ed, she is writing highly fictitious memoirs, translating the humdrum conduct of her elders, if not betterers, into filmese, and acting on the result. Overheard by her, quite blameless remarks by her father fire a train of sensational conjecture and activity that all but ruins the family. And if the play



Judy Graves (Joan White) and her sophisticated young friend Fussy Adams (Peggy Cummins) discuss the possibilities of Uncle Willis and Ellen Curtis

itself had been a self-respecting work of dramatic art, rather than shamelessly manipulated fiction, the audience that now laughs its head off might have been reduced, like Judy herself, to crying its eyes out.

Judy does not lack support. She has a bosom friend and familiar named Fussy, who



Mrs. Graves (Linda Gray) is delighted to hear the news of her brother's marriage and congratulates the bride Ellen Curtis (Betty Marsden)

Congratulations for the bridegroom come from his old college friend. Harry Graves (Ronald Ward) and Willis Reynolds (Frank Leighton) discuss the possibilities of going into partnership



aids and abets her. This little acid drop is also a film addict, and looks at life through celluloid spectacles. Combining the physical energy of a flea with frightening precocity, Fussy is the complete misanthrope. Compared with hers, Becky Sharp's philosophy seems sheer benevolence. Her censorial itch keeps Judy up to scratch. And Miss Peggy Cummins, who plays the little wretch with such awful aplomb, leaves nothing half done, from the pert plait that accentuates Fussy's elfin precocity, to the hop-skip-and-jump which is her drawing-room

Sketches by

Tom Titt



Hilda, the maid (Peggy Hale), is no respecter of persons. Guests and members of the family are treated with the same cold distaste. She is the one member of the household who remains unmoved by the outbursts of J. B. Curtis (Douglas Stewart) and Lois Graves (Peggy Simpson)

deportment, and shows what she thinks of adults in general.

Lois, Judy's elder sister, is a more sophisticated disaster. This incipient Circe has an attendant rout of hobbledehoys, dumb co-eds in men-about-town clothing. Their unheralded visits coincide with domestic crises, and further embroil Lois with her long-suffering parents, whom she treats (not altogether unnaturally perhaps) as a cross between doormats and cretins.

But it would be tedious to continue the sequence of disasters due to Judy's genius for putting two and two together and making anything but four. Nor would it be easy to relate them dispassionately. America has sent us many theatrical rousers; but it is long since we sat through entertainment so nicely calculated both to divert and to qualify one for the attentions of the N.S.P.C.C.

One's suspicion that this comedy (based on the stories of Sally Benson) is hollow stuff grows on reflection. It is probably easier for playwrights to invent situations when untrammelled by the laws of artistic probability. And if the contrivance of opportunity for Judy to defy those laws is unscrupulous, it certainly enables Miss Joan White, to whom the portrayal of fourth-form terrors is brilliant child's play, to provoke storms of hysterical laughter.

For the rest, Mr. Ronald Ward and Miss Linda Gray suffer with dignity and resource the slings and arrows of outrageous childhood discharged by the plot of Judy's parents. Miss Peggy Hale does not mitigate the contempt of Hilda, the domestic help, for all concerned; and the hobbledehoys, who come and go like the heats and shivers of an impending fever, a moral in themselves.



"I'm going to get lit up
When the lights go up in London,
I'm going to get lit up
As I've never been before;
You will find me on the tiles,
You will find me wreathed in smiles,
I'm going to get so lit up
I'll be visible for miles"

Zoe Gail Singing in "Strike a New Note," at the Prince of Wales Theatre



Nuffield Trust Meeting

The first meeting of the trustees of the Nuffield Foundation was held in London recently. Here are Dr. Janet Vaughan, Lord Nuffield and Sir William Goodenough, the chairman. When founding the trust Lord Nuffield presented £10,000,000



Artists Aid China

At the Artists Aid China exhibition Epstein's bust, "Precious Jewel," attracted the attention of Sir Stafford Cripps and Dr. W. C. Chen. Behind them is Mme. Lee Mong, the subject of the bronze, and her mother



Greyhound Stadium Presentation

After presenting a cheque for £2,000 to Lord and Lady Wigram for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund, Mr. Parkes (centre), chairman and managing director of Wandsworth Stadium, gave them a few tips on greyhound racing

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Stag Party at No. 10

Some nights ago the King drove over to No. 10, Downing Street to dine with the Prime Minister and Members of the War Cabinet. It was an all-men party which gathered round Mr. Churchill's long table and, following the example set by the Queen, wives made themselves scarce, and took advantage of the evening to visit old personal friends. Even at No. 10, dinner menus are sketchy affairs when compared with the banquets of peacetime, but although the meal itself cannot have taken long to serve and eat, the party went on for several hours. His Majesty is a great admirer of Mr. Churchill's outstanding powers of leadership and his many-faceted brilliance, and this is the third or fourth occasion on which he has honoured the P.M. with his presence at dinner since the outbreak of war.

Staying at the Palace

PRINCESS ELIZABETH has had her cousin, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, staying with her at the Palace. Miss Elphinstone, who is just a year older than H.R.H., was one of the guests at the pre-birthday ball for the Princess, and also at the afternoon party at the Palace, attended by General de Gaulle and several of the other leaders of the Fighting French which followed. Both the girls talk French fluently and could be seen deep in conversation for some time with the French General.

War Workers

THE Duchess of Sutherland is once again out and about. She has been seriously ill for some months and her weight is down to seven stone—for a six-footer, or very nearly, that speaks for itself! The Duchess took the chair at the At-Home of the Women's Adjustment Board Committee at Grosvenor House the other afternoon. She was wearing her Red

Cross uniform—she does a great deal of useful work for the Joint War Organisation up at her home, Dunrobin Castle, in Sutherland—and told of the efforts being made in that part of the country by all the women there, who are either attached to the Red Cross and St. John Organisation or to the W.V.S. Mrs. Euan Wallace, also in uniform, proved herself a remarkably good speaker. She explained the unique position of the W.V.S., in that it neither holds nor handles funds, and having started with five members four and a half years ago, now has a million members. Lady Limerick, the deputy chairman of the British Red Cross, followed Mrs. Wallace, and was most interesting in her talk on the wonderful work done for Prisoners of War, which now costs £4,500,000 annually to carry on. The Women's Legion was represented by its Commandant, Mrs. Robert. She had some amusing adventures to relate when talking of the Legion's work with mobile canteens down at the Docks. Finally, there was a male speaker, Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier, who talked of the position of civil aviation after the war and the part which will be played by women in its development. Amongst a large and interested audience I noticed Lady Annaly, who, with a daughter in the W.A.A.F., is herself now in charge of canteen welfare.

Invalid

LADY MAUGHAM had a nasty accident in Albemarle Street when she slipped on the wet pavement recently and broke her wrist. She is particularly annoyed about it, because it is preventing her from carrying on with her book-binding work—a job she thoroughly enjoys doing. Taught by Mrs. Hardy, Lady Maugham has been devoting her mornings to the Penguin book-binding rooms at the Red Cross offices in Belgrave Square, working from 9.30 to 1. The work she finds most interesting, even though the glue has a way of getting all over

(Continued on page 42)



Lady Louis Mountbatten Receives an Ambulance

While touring the county of Surrey Lady Louis Mountbatten, C.B.E., Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, accepted on its behalf an ambulance, presented by Lady Katherine Meade and dedicated by the Rt. Rev. J. V. Macmillan, Bishop of Guildford, who are seen in the picture. Beside Lady Louis are Lady Patricia Ramsay and the County Commissioner for Surrey. Lady Katherine Meade is the Earl of Clanwilliam's sister

Wedding Day Pictures

The Hon. Douglas Vivian Marries Miss Mary Borthwick

The marriage took place on April 3rd at the King's Chapel of the Savoy of the Hon. Douglas David Edward Vivian, R.N., son of the fourth Baron Vivian and Nancy Lady Vivian, and Miss Mary Alice Borthwick. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Borthwick, of 7, Wester Coates Gardens, Edinburgh



Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston, eldest sister of Earl Haig, was there with Mrs. Hughes Young



Alexander and Christopher Thynne, the two elder sons of Lord and Lady Weymouth, drank the health of bride and bridegroom. Miss Borthwick, who was given away by her father, wore a gold-coloured wedding dress



The Hon. Mrs. Philip Bridgewater, sister of the bridegroom, brought her seven-year-old son to the wedding



The bridegroom's half-sister, Viscountess Weymouth, brought her four children along. With her here is her only daughter, Caroline



Lady Vivian was photographed with her daughter, Sally. Her husband, Lord Vivian, is serving in the Royal Artillery. They have two sons



A Smiling Bride

Major Harry Van Straubenzee, O. and B.L.I., younger son of Mrs. Van Straubenzee, of Stennithorne Hall, Leyburn, Yorks., married Miss Angela Fenwick in London. She is the daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. Harry Fenwick, and a sister of Ian Fenwick, the artist



London Wedding

Capt. the Hon. Roger Lloyd Mostyn, 9th Lancers, eldest son of Lord and Lady Mostyn, and Miss Yvonne Stuart Johnson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton, Cheshire, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

everything and in the most inconvenient places. Pieces of wall-paper are used to strengthen the inside of the covers, the outsides being mostly of illustrations cut from magazines or pictures painted specially for the purpose. Ordinary Penguins in their paper covers only last about three weeks in hospitals, but when they are given these special covers mounted on stiff boards they will last a couple of years or more. Although the damaged wrist is progressing, it still has to be massaged, and Lady Maughan thinks it is unlikely she will be able to return to her book-binding work until after Easter. Meantime, however, she is carrying on her work as chairman of the House Committee of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, a job she has been doing for nearly ten years.

London Visitors

AMONGST the famous physicians and doctors who came to London to attend the Government debate on the Beveridge Report was Sir Richard Gregory, President of the British Association. Sir Richard and Lady Gregory stayed for a few days at the May Fair after the debate was over, as they both have many interests in London. Sir Richard, who is as charming as he is cosmopolitan, is naturally extremely interested in the Report, as he has written various treatises on scientific subjects which are considered a model of their kind. He knows, too, the tremendous amount of work involved in a Report like that recently completed by Sir William Beveridge. Many of his friends consider that Sir Richard has a decidedly nautical air about him, and this is perhaps explained by the fact that he used to lecture at Portsmouth Dockyard many years ago, where he still has a host of naval friends. His hobbies are dancing and gardening. The latter he certainly enjoys in a front-line atmosphere, for Sir Richard and Lady Gregory's lovely home at Bognor is in the forefront of dive-bombing F.W. 190's, whose tactics, however, leave them both completely unmoved!

In the May Fair Restaurant have been Lord and Lady Lovat, both looking very well, and also Lady Mary Strickland with her fiancé. Major Lord Rennell, Squadron Leader Learoyd, V.C., and Rear-Admiral Goolden were distinguished Service visitors. Another celebrity who rarely comes to London was Mr. Norman Wilkinson, whose seascapes pictures are familiar to countless people. Incidentally, as one naval captain remarked to another in the bar, there is no finer naval picture than that presented by Admiral Sir William James, who frequently takes his morning walk along Berkeley Street. To watch the Admiral being saluted by a host of lesser naval officers is indeed a memorable scene—rather like a battleship passing amongst a lot of destroyers. Others seen about have included two out-of-the-ordinarily-attractive young girls up in London for the night from Somerset—Miss Hilary Napier, who works at the Admiralty in Bath, and Miss Tim Garton, who is like a Rossetti or Burne-Jones painting. Also in London from Somerset were Mrs. Rupert Incledon-Webber, looking extremely smart in pale grey, with a halo hat and blue fox furs, and Mrs. Hobday, who lives in lovely old Ditchet Priory, parts of which are pre-Tudor and most beautiful. Young Miss "Biddy" Daubeney was a returned schoolgirl out walking with her cousin, Miss Yvonne Daubeney, who is in the W.R.N.S. Mrs. James Durran, incredibly slender, talked to Mr. Toby Charlton; Mr. David Bankes, the Scots Guards, went to a wedding with Mrs. Bankes, his mother; Lady Cohen hurried along in her Y.M.C.A. uniform; Mr. Michael Worthington sauntered into the Mirabell in khaki; Princess Nika Yourievitch emerged from her Hill Street flat in mink, which the rapidly increasing spring sunshine will soon enable her to dispense with, if the present cold winds die down.

Round and About

FAMILY reunions are special occasions for celebration these days. I saw one such reunion recently when Lady Zia Wernher was lunching with her sister, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, and her much decorated sailor nephew, the present Marquis. Nearby, the Duke of Sutherland, who is often in the House of Lords these days, was chatting with Lord



The Christening of Theresa Caroline Mott-Radclyffe

Included in this picture, taken after the christening at Hatherop Church of the baby daughter of Capt. C. E. Mott-Radclyffe, M.P., and Mrs. Mott-Radclyffe, are the baby and her parents, Lady Helena Gibbs (godmother), Col. William Gibbs, Mr. W. Gibbs, Miss Marigold Gibbs, Canon J. S. Gibbs, Mrs. Freddie Stephens, and Mrs. J. S. Gibbs

W. Dennis Moss



Swaebe

A Soiree-Dansant in London in Aid of a War Charity

Leaving the dance floor together were Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall and Miss G. Brodrick. The dance was held in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund

and Lady Edward Hay, and later, in the same restaurant, I saw Lady Middleton and the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham-Quin having tea together.

Later still, Lady O'Neill, tall and dark, was dancing with Lord Stanley of Alderley, who is full of amusing stories. A fairly recently married couple were Sir Francis Peake and his very pretty, fair-haired wife, who has lovely legs and feet. Miss Ann Glass was dancing, too, in a long, long-sleeved, filmy black dress, which looked lovely with her cloud of black hair. She has been ill for some time and away from her War Office job. Another pretty person was Miss Georgina Cookson, with Major Maurice Smart, also Mrs. Max Aitken (the former Miss Cynthia Monteith) with Mr. Bill Agar, Mr. Michael Ridpath and Captain Tony Heywood.

Three more at the party were Chevalier E. de Selliers, Viscount Lymington and Baroness Runtzen. Lord Lymington is the only son of the Earl of Portsmouth

Weddings

After a short engagement, Lieut. the Hon. Douglas Vivian, R.N., was married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy to Miss Mary Alice Borthwick. Miss Borthwick was given away by her father, Mr. Francis Borthwick, of 7, Wester Coates Gardens, Edinburgh. Major P. A. C. Bridgewater, the bridegroom's brother-in-law, was best man, and his stepbrother, Lord Vivian, one of the ushers; there were no attendants. The bridegroom's mother, Nancy, Lady Vivian, was present, and also Lord Vivian's wife and three children. There were several children there, including Mrs. Robert Grimston's tall schoolgirl daughter, wearing a sailor cap in bright red, perhaps symbolic of the fact that she hopes to join the W.R.N.S. in due course. Lady Weymouth,

here are Mr. Miles Marriott, Miss S. Graham Hodgson, Mr. Freiberg and Miss Althea Fitzalan-Howard, granddaughter of Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent

who is the bridegroom's step-sister, came with all her children, including her fourteen-year-old daughter, Caroline Anne, who is almost as tall as her very tall mother. She too was wearing a sailor cap, which seems to be the younger generation's most popular headgear just now. Other relatives whom I saw were the Hon. Violet Vivian and her nieces, Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston and Lady Irene Haig, as well as many old friends of the Vivian family, such as Mrs. Richard Warde and Miss Marye Pole-Carew.

(Concluded on page 56)



Two Recent Christenings Were Those of Fiennes Michael Strang Steel and Jane Stanhope

A christening which took place in Scotland not long ago was that of Fiennes Michael Strang Steel, the baby son of Major and Mrs. F. W. Strang Steel. The ceremony was held at St. Mary's Parish Church, Philiphaugh, Selkirk. This photograph, taken later of the christening party, shows Sir Samuel Strang Steel, Robert Strang Steel, Nurse Ketchel, Mrs. Strang Steel and the baby, Major Strang Steel, Lady Strang Steel, Michael McKeown and Mr. Jock Strang Steel

Clapperton, Selkirk



Lady Jane Stanhope, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harrington, was christened at St. Bartholomew's, Elvaston, Derbyshire. Here she is seen in the arms of her grandmother, Mrs. Luke Lillington, with her father and mother

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MIXING forged ration cards (so Berlin Radio alleges) with the bombs dropped recently on Berlin is a smooth R.A.F. idea, and one that might be developed in many interesting directions, since this is a war of nerves.

One development that will instantly occur to the thoughtful is the dropping of thousands of anonymous letters, compiled with the help of the last Berlin street-directory. Since Berliners' tempers are normally foul, and their nerves already exacerbated by the R.A.F., the food, the weather, the restrictions, the casualty-lists, and the future outlook, it's our feeling that considerable intramural fuss and disorganisation might be started by the average suspicious Berlin citizen who was handed, by somebody who had just picked it up, such a note in the Berlin dialect as :

Much-esteemed Herr Rümbelgütz !

Where does your wife go Tuesday afternoons, eh, I'd like to know, ask Herr Otto Trombonius of 118B Katzenjammerstrasse, no more at present so heil Hitler.

A WELLWISHER.

Such missives would be written on grubby paper in an illiterate fist by Whitehall experts working on a basic framework supplied by a specially mobilised group of English rural spinsters, whose skill at anonymous correspondence is the admiration of all. A native rustic industry, languishing at the moment, would be revived as well, and we can see a thousand vindictive pens

scratching happily away with patriotic zing behind locked doors at midnight. Some of the resultant prose would undoubtedly shock the most hardened censor. That would be Miss Towser of our parish.

Exit

TRAMPS are disappearing from the roads, the Ministry of Health boys aver, and " it is hoped that before the end of the war vagrancy will have disappeared altogether." Bing avast, cullies !

It may be so. The position of the tramp in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land is that on the one hand British poets and literary boys roar and bellow in constant praise of the Open Road and the carefree wandering life, and on the other hand if anyone tries it on British Law claps him in the sneezer whenever possible. Being well aware of this, the only trail most of the lyrical open-air boys ever hit personally is the long wild starlit trail leading to the Savoy Grill. They are never persecuted for this, whereas your genuine wanderer has been persecuted by law ever since the dissolution of the English Monasteries, which threw so many thousands of the poor on to the roads and also encouraged not a few fierce hairy thugs to harry the countryside.

The typical modern professional tramp is a harmless dreamy lunar creature who asks only to be let alone, but isn't. We knew a chap who, because he liked wandering around unshaved and shabby and sleeping



"The Bach concert will follow in two minutes; meanwhile here is some music."

under the stars, got into tall trouble with a thickheaded rural cop one night until the cop's colleague discovered he was a wealthy eccentric. The most fulsome Chinese prostrations, kowtowings, bows, becks, congees and salamaecls then sped him on his way. Which suggests some moral or other, but we wouldn't know what.

Buddies

SOME time ago we told you about an unfortunate chap we knew who was dogged everywhere he went by the Brontë sisters (Charlotte, Emily, Anne), riding a three-seated bicycle, their large melancholy eyes full of frustration and reproach. A highbrow critic last week reminded us of this by alleging that the Brontë girls never had a chance to express themselves fully, except in print.

This is absurd. In 1925 this chap who was haunted by the Brontë girls persuaded them to enter for the Six Days at the Vélodrome d'Hiver, Paris, and also for the Tour de France. The French sporting Press wrote them up with biggish headlines, thus :

Les 3 Grandes Vélo-Girls Britanniques au Vél. d'Hiv.

Les Recordwomen Brontë, Reines Tristes de la Triple Bicyclette, Vont-Elles Triompher dans le Tour de France ?

Les Yeux Pleines de Larmes, Mlle. Cho-Cho Nous Parle de Ses Ambitions Sportives.

"Cho-Cho" was the Parisian sports reporters' friendly nickname for Charlotte, who fascinated them with her sombre personality. However, as the Brontë girls never won any prizes and champion racing cyclists complained of their wan expression, they soon exhausted the interest of the French sporting public, and before long they were back haunting our unhappy friend again, hanging irresolutely round the drawing room on their bicycle every morning and waiting for him to finish his bath, not that they invariably waited for that. Since

(Concluded on page 46)



"But these are not plain pieces of chalk, Madam—they're 'hopscotch' outfits"



Mother of Montgomery

News of the Eighth Army is eagerly awaited in many homes to-day, but in none more eagerly than in that of Lady Montgomery, the mother of its Commander, General Sir Bernard Montgomery. Lady Montgomery is the widow of the Rt. Rev. H. H. Montgomery, K.C.M.G.—a former Bishop of Tasmania and a descendant of the first Viscount Montgomery, of 16th-century fame—who died in 1932. Daughter of the late Dean Farrar, who wrote *Eric, or Little by Little*, Lady Montgomery is a vigorous old lady who until recently drove her own car round the Donegal countryside which surrounds her home in Moville, Eire. She has had seven children, five sons and two daughters. Most famous of them is the Commander of the Eighth Army

Standing By ...

(Continued)

he became an R.A.F. brasshat they wear rather limp wings on their serge corsages.

Interlude

THAT frustrated plot to kidnap Sir John Martin-Harvey which, as he revealed recently in the *Times*, followed his refusal some time ago to declare a "closed shop" at British Equity's orders, would have been just the stuff for a fine romantic actor like Sir John, taking us straight back to the period of Lord Mohun's midnight attempt to abduct the lovely Mrs. Bracegirdle outside Drury Lane stage-door, with a *fa la la*.

Across the Channel at the same time "we of the Theatre" (Mr. Cochran) were in more constant hot water. A special prison in Paris, the Fort l'Evêque, was reserved for actors and actresses who forgot "that respect they owe the public," in the striking official phrase. Thus wayward Mlle. Lemaure of the Opéra, who walked off in the middle of a scene because she had a supper-date, was bunged straight into prison, escorted by a triumphal procession of red heels and gold-laced hats, and released an hour later on promising to be good. The Comédie-Française star Moligny, a tough guy, always drawing his sword and menacing the citizenry, got a week in the cooler and was finally expelled to the provinces. An English male ballet-dancer of the Opéra-Comique named Haughton got two days for breaking his contract, and so on. The reason for all

this healthful discipline was that in eighteenth-century France the stage was an appanage of the Royal Household.

Footnote

It's not for the likes of us to draw conclusions, to deduce, hint, titter, shrug or make any suggestions or gestures whatsoever. Is James ("Boss") Agate in the house? Hiya, Boss!

Piece

MORE hell has been knocked out of pianofortes by the ham-fisted heirs of European civilisation with the late Sergei Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor—known to haggard music professors from its three opening octaves as "Oh—my—Gawd!" than the world dreams of. Rachmaninoff himself a great musician, regarded it as a youthful indiscretion, like bigamy, a critic once assured us. But critics often lie.

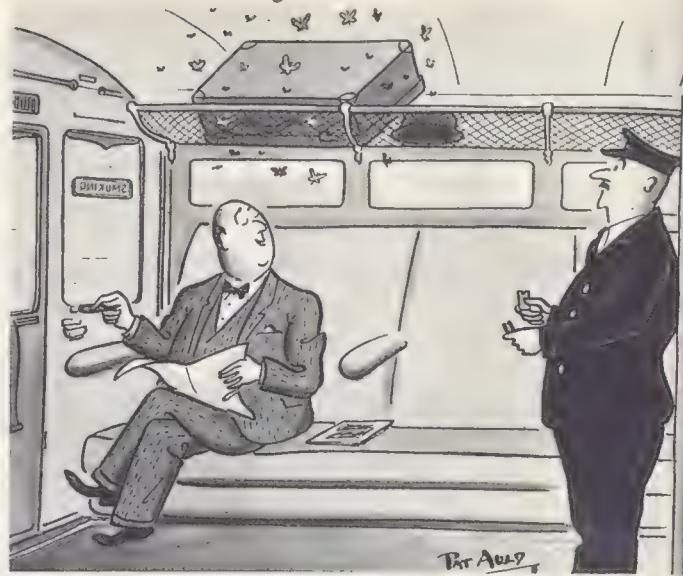
What is interesting, if you're listening, is that the old Island law of gavelkind (or Borough English, or Double Burgage, or whatever it was) whereby the strongest and most sadistic child in every British family was set automatically to learn the pianoforte, is now in abeyance. In an expensive girls' school we were once shown the row of padded silence-cabinets, relics of the Victorian and Edwardian ages, in which determined female children were locked, each with an upright piano, and cynically left to it. This rite was made possible only by the eminent Broadwood's improvements on the earliest mild, tinkly pianofortes of the Beethoven-Chopin era, and especially by the use of iron and steel frames, increasing resonance and blast-power.

Theory

HENCE, no doubt, the modern vogue of the spinet, the clavecin, and the harpsichord, the more delicate and difficult instruments of Couperin and Rameau and Cimarosa. Small, sturdy British girls in the original spinet age probably worked off their musical vitality by catching Uncle George, in an unwary moment, with his wig off, a honey with the coke-hammer. If the ensuing uproar cost their doting parents an extra fifteen guineas per term, at least it was amusing.

Cloak

PROBABLY the simplest and most useful garment ever devised by man (if we may talk like a Fleet Street bromide-dispenser for



"Flowers? Why, certainly—but how ever did you guess?"

a moment) is the South American poncho, which has recently been sent in large numbers to British war prisoners in Germany, a gift from the people of Uruguay.

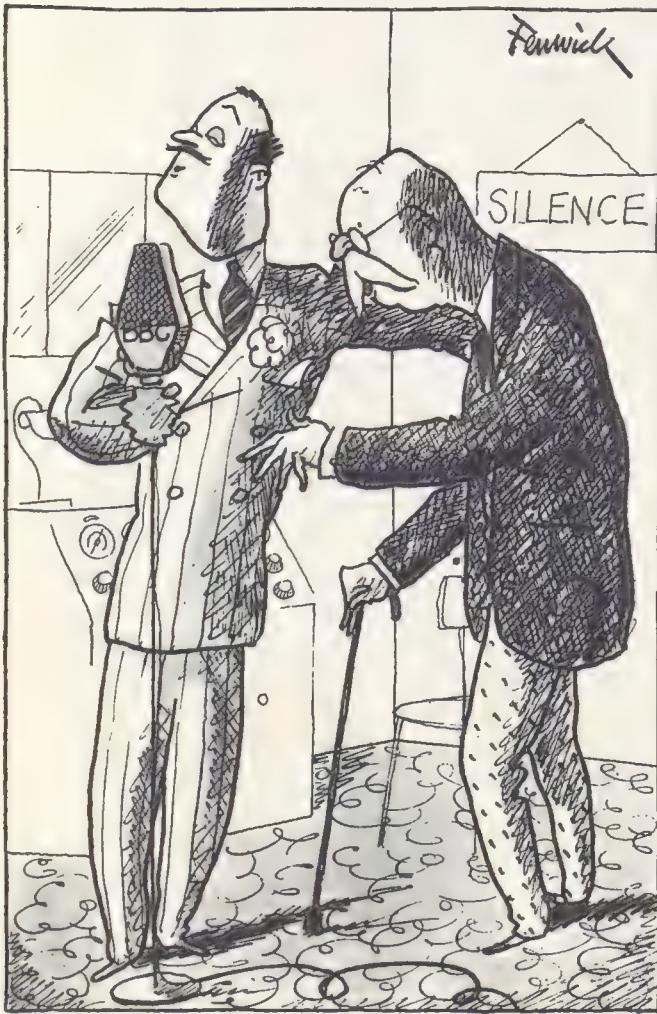
A large oblong blanket with a head-sized slit in the middle of it is all the poncho consists of, enabling the horseman of the Pampas to ride, eat, sleep, round up cattle, and shoot in comfort, in any weather. Its kinship to the liturgical chasuble, which is the cloak the Roman citizen wore under the late Empire, is obvious. Equally obviously, the Army blanket and/or groundsheet as at present issued should have been a poncho. The inventor's heart failed him in the War House at the last moment, we guess, and he weakly sketched a compromise; or perhaps he was boldly about to draw a headsized slit ("A") on the blueprint when some blonde came in, or he had to hurry out to lunch with some chaps at the Rag and forgot all about it.

Tip

THAT new up-and-coming booksy boy (no free boosts in this page) who got himself photographed for the nation recently sitting at a writing-desk without either (a) a whacking big manly pipe or (b) a sweet doggie, needs a little technical advice from Old Uncle Crusty, mayhap.

We can quote him, to begin with, Mr. Abe Levinsky of the Swiftsure Literary Hire Service, Ltd., who said to us last week apropos his case: "That boy he cernly ain't wise to the poissnal angle. The poissnal angle in litterchure it's like this, see, right here we got evvy kind of fixings so's a littery guy he can wow the suckers from the word go. Soonsa new guy in the racket he gets plenty advance blurbs written yet," said Mr. Levinsky, waving a diamonded hand, "why, he just calls up Uncle Abie and we fix him good." Mr. Levinsky then showed us his property warehouse, containing everything an ambitious British booksy boy needs to hire for photographic publicity purposes, from lofty-browed masks, pipes, dogs, horses, and fake libraries to sweetfaced, silver-haired old mothers. "Three berries per," said Mr. Levinsky waving a hand at these last exhibits, "and maybe a l'il snifter they'll okay that too." He added however that many hire-mothers were often plastered and not only leaned tenderly over booksy clients but sometimes fe. heavily on them, spoiling the photograph. "Consumer's risk," said Mr. Levinsky briefly.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"... We have in the studio to-night, Brig.-Gen. Sir Hereward Nivenish-Trubshaw, who will compare the break-through at Agheila with the siege and relief of Mafeking!"



Bertram Park

Lady Diana Dixon

In 1933 Lady Diana Mary Wellesley married Major the Hon. Daniel Dixon, Grenadier Guards, only son and heir of Lord Glentoran, of Ballyalolly, Co. Down. She is the elder daughter of the third Earl Cowley, and of Clare Countess Cowley, and is a half-sister of the present peer. The Dixons have two children: Thomas Robin, born in 1935, and Clare Rosalind, who is two years younger. Their home is Draycot-Chippenham, Wilts.



Crown Prince Olav pays a visit to his family at their American home. Pooks Hill is a small but charming country house near Washington

The wife and family of King Haakon's only son, Crown Prince Olav, are living in America, in a house lent to them by President Roosevelt. The two little girls, Princess Ragnild, who is nearly thirteen, and her sister, Princess Astrid, aged eleven, go to school in Washington, and have learnt to speak English fluently. Their brother, Prince Harald, who is not yet old enough for school, broadcast last Christmas to the people of Norway. Crown Princess Märtha and her family left Oslo on April 9th, 1940, with King Haakon, Crown Prince Olav, and the Norwegian Government, as bombers were attacking the aerodromes and German troops were disembarking. After staying for some months in Sweden with the Crown Princess's father, King Gustav, they left for America at the invitation of President Roosevelt. Prince Olav, who escaped with his father to England, has been able to visit them in the U.S. each winter, and has taught his children to ski, a sport at which he is an expert. Crown Princess Märtha, who devotes much of her time to her children, is a trained nurse, and works hard for the Red Cross Organisation in Washington

Crown Princess Märtha of Norway and Her Children in America

Guests of President Roosevelt for the Duration, at Pooks Hill, near Washington



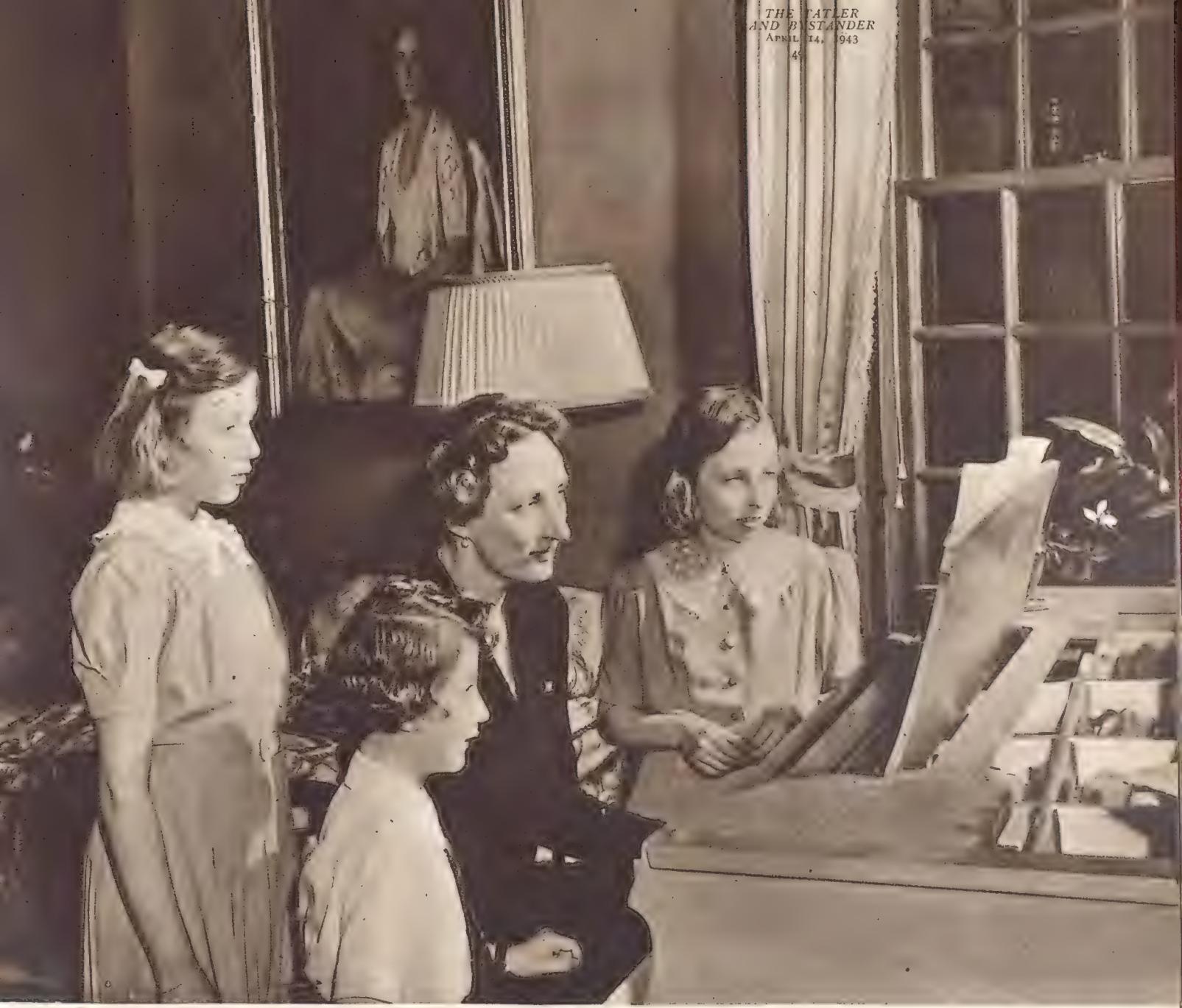
On Christmas Day, 1942, Prince Harald, supported by his sisters, broadcast a message to the people of Norway



Princess Ragnild and Princess Astrid Have the Same Taste in Dogs



Prince Harald Visits a Norwegian Pilots' Training C



Crown Princess Märtha Gives Her Family Lessons at the Piano



Princess Märtha is a Guest in President Roosevelt's Yacht



The Crown Princess Works for the American Red Cross



Juan in Whitehall

In 1931 Eric Linklater became internationally known as the author of best-seller *Juan in America*. *Juan in China* followed in 1937. Since September 1939 he has been in the Army, and is now a Major. His first military experience was as a private in The Black Watch and from 1939 to 1941 he was with the Royal Engineers commanding the Orkney Fortress. Later, he joined the Directorate of Public Relations at the War Office, and has done valuable work there as the author of a number of official publications, amongst them *The Defence of Calais*, *The Highland Division* and *The Northern Garrisons*. Born at Dounby, Orkney, forty-four years ago, Major Eric Linklater was educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School and at Aberdeen University. He has written many books—several of them on historic subjects—his most recent being *The Man on My Back* and *The Cornerstones*, both published in 1941. In 1933 he married Marjorie MacIntyre, and has one son and two daughters. His home is Merkister, in the Orkneys

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Miraculous Reincarnation

"THE phrase at Newmarket is that you should pull your horse to ease him, but when he is in his greatest distress in running, he cannot bear that *visible* method of pulling. He should be enticed to ease himself an inch at a time, as his situation will allow: this should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and that you were afraid of breaking it."

These are the words, written in the 1790's, of the greatest judge of pace (on the race-course) of all time—one Sam Chifney, who, in the opinion of many, still stands as the finest jockey ever known. He was the inventor of the tactic which came to be known as the "Chifney Rush." Sam Chifney worked things out in his mind that, if you contrived to give your horse, or made him give himself (per method just set out above), a split second's pause before asking him for the final dash, he would deliver it with much greater punch than if asked for one prolonged thrust. This art is a lost one on the turf, but obviously not so elsewhere. We must, I think, rechristen it the "Montgomery Rush." The jockey has been reincarnated in the General.

Artist v. Butcher Boy

IT is absolutely certain that Sam Chifney had never even heard of the thing called by poets the *cæsura*, that almost imperceptible pause which causes the rest of the line to slip trippingly off the tongue, but this is exactly what the "Chifney Rush" was. General Montgomery only too obviously knows all about it, for how else could he have brought off this wonderful bit of timing? He may have been aided by his Butcher Boy opponent, whose ideas of jockeyship are the primitive ones of making every post a winning-post and trusting to luck. If Rommel had been a jockey living in Sam Chifney's days, that great artist would have made as big a monkey of him as General

"Chifney" Montgomery has now done in a much more serious contest. Besides poets, those who box or fence know what the *cæsura* means, and how to use it. It means to them being on the right foot at the right moment, and it also connotes to a great degree a knowledge and judgment of pace. Test old Sam Chifney's method for yourself; and you need not indulge in the pastime of race-riding to do so. Pick



Cricketer's Daughter Married

Third Officer Jean Prior, W.R.N.S., was recently married in South Africa to Major B. R. M. Hayles, Royal Signals. She is the daughter of Mr. Charles Prior, Hon. Secretary of the Norwich County Cricket Club for many years



D. R. Stuart

Rugby Enthusiasts

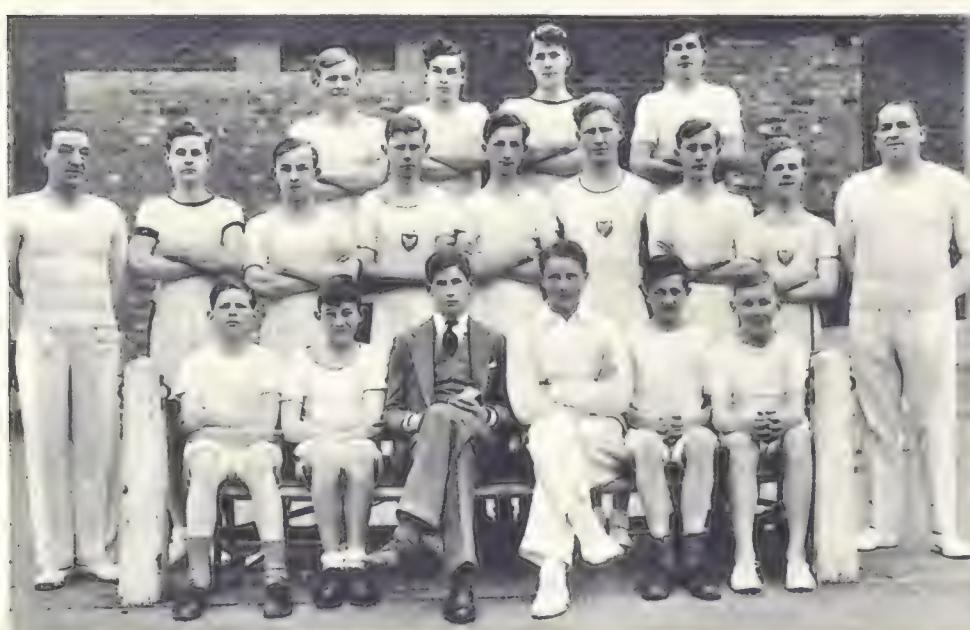
Two habitues at Richmond Athletic Ground are Major H. L. V. Day, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, former English Rugby International, and Mr. C. S. Bonsard, secretary of the Middlesex Rugby Union and of the Seven-a-Sides

out someone who seems to be walking at about the same pace as yourself, and may be even a bit faster and is, say, a cricket pitch ahead of you. Then settle a point at which you hope to catch and finally pass him—say, 200 yards on from the point at which you first decided that he should be your target. Try and make up the 222 yards in one long burst and you will fail. Try old Sam Chifney's (and Montgomery's) pause and you will win comfortably. This is exactly what has happened between Alamein and Mareth. Hats off to a superbly good jockey.

"The Fighting Fifth" and the 50th Division

ANY of us who may have taken a look at a contour map of Mareth and environs must have realised what these hardy Borderers were up against in their recent attack across the Wadi Zigzaou, and what guts were demanded to hang on like limpets against the counter-attack by a whole division of tanks whilst the real show was developing round the enemy's

(Concluded on page 52)



Competitors in the Quadrangular Boxing Tournament at

Here are Eton and Haileybury's representatives in the tournament. (Haileybury amalgamated with the Imperial Service College team.) Front row: P. A. Knowles, J. M. Hall, T. N. Thistlethwaite (captain of Eton), J. W. Miskin (captain of Haileybury and I.S.C.), A. J. Bateson, J. A. L. Smith. Middle row: Sgt.-Major Copeland (coach), R. H. Thorne, A. Ranken, W. M. Smith, M. H. W. Wells, J. C. Thurnsby-Pelham, P. D. S. Blake, J. C. Gregson, Sgt. J. Featherstone (coach and trainer). Back row: G. C. Davies, H. C. Combe, H. C. Hunt, A. Martin



Dulwich College

The four teams competing were Eton, Haileybury, Bedford and Dulwich. Above are the boxing captains of Bedford and Dulwich: Leonard Oakley (Bedford), who has since joined the Royal Artillery, and K. N. W. Fisher (Dulwich)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

right flank. None but the best troops in the wide world could have done it. The Northumberland Division did, and I wish we knew the names of the other units concerned; but the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers are quite typical of the whole shooting-match. They got their Army nicknames of "The Fighting Fifth" and "The Old and Bold" in the Peninsula under Wellington, and particularly for what they did at Roleia and El Bodon, at which latter place they formed part of a weak infantry brigade, only three regiments strong, and held in check a whole French Army—40 squadrons of cavalry, say, ten regiments; 14 battalions of infantry; say, two strong divisions; and 12 guns, two batteries, and themselves practically unsupported by their own artillery. This handful hung on whilst the Duke completed the main concentration elsewhere, which eventually won that very bloody scrap. How accurately has history repeated itself, for this is exactly what the Fifth and the rest of the 50th Division did at Mareth, but on a much bigger scale. I select this solitary incident in a glorious record because it so exactly fits the case now before us. Here, surely, is another instance of miraculous reincarnation.

Lord Sefton's I.G.N. Chance

THE Irish Grand National will be run at Fairyhouse on April 26th, and although at the moment the Irishmen still believe that Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent is bound to win for the second time off the reel, I suggest that, in view of the bucketful of it that this grand horse has had this season, there may be a doubt. If they had kept him at home after his February win at Naas, I should have been happier about his chances, but, as it is, it may be prudent to look for the winner somewhere else; from England, for instance. When Lord Sefton's Medoc II. won the Cheltenham Gold Cup (three miles) on March 21st, 1942, in which they carry 12 st. all round, he finished eight lengths in front of a very good horse, Red Rower, who, incidentally, was badly interfered with when Solarium and Broken Promise fell at the last open ditch. The people who had backed the runner-up said that Medoc II. was a very lucky winner. Personally, I did not think so, for before the accident happened Lord Sefton's horse was right up in the fighting line going well within himself and jumping like a book. Red Rower started a warm favourite, and Medoc II. was a well-supported second choice. The snag where this horse's Irish Grand National chances are concerned is that, owing



Instructional Staff at W.A.A.F. Officers' School

Front row: F/O. M. Barringer, F/O. J. Marlow, F/O. L. Hills, Sq/O. J. Buchanan, Sq/O. H. Melhuish, Wing/O. M. A. Holloway, Sq/O. P. Potter, Sq/O. P. Bruzaud, Sq/O. B. Badcock, F/O. E. Marlow, F/O. M. L. Hamilton. Middle row: Sgt. J. E. Knight, F/O. R. Mancell, S/O. P. Oyler, A/S/O. M. Hagon, S/O. M. D. Egremont, S/Ldr. R. Lightfoot, F/O. M. Seymour, S/O. S. F. Noble, S/O. H. D. Bannerman, A/S/O. K. Clarke, F/O. E. D. Rhodes, Sgt. D. Merriman. Back row: S/O. J. Warren, S/O. D. I. Ward, S/O. D. I. Cozens, S/O. J. T. Hammond, A/S/O. M. Freeman, S/O. J. M. V. Goss, S/O. D. Minton-Senhouse, S/O. H. J. Carter, S/O. E. Hutchinson, A/S/O. M. Cooper, S/O. R. A. Fairweather, S/O. M. H. Wolf, S/O. N. B. Hume, F/O. G. Bainbridge (Woman Medical Officer)

to the ban on jump-racing in England this season, we have no recent performance upon which to build, and have got to take his Gold Cup 1942 as the sole guide, for he has not run in Ireland since he was sent over earlier in the season with the main target this big race on the 26th. We know that he can stay, jump, gallop and carry weight, and as the Irish National is run over fences exactly the same as our own, he will not suffer from any disadvantage. The big Irish chase is only half a mile longer than the Cheltenham Gold Cup, but if there has been any real Irish rain before it is run, the course is apt to ride very heavy. Last year they said that it was fetlock deep—"virtually a quagmire," as one of the local scouts said. It would be very gratifying to us in England if Lord Sefton's enterprise were suitably rewarded, but if Prince Regent's recent tasks have not taken all the edge off him, he is going to take a heck of a lot of beating.

A Name With Chasing Tradition

THE House of Molyneux has a fine steeple-chasing tradition behind it, especially where Aintree is concerned, as the Sefton and the Molyneux steeplechases amply testify. The father of the present Earl was ever most keenly interested in the fortunes of the great meeting, and was a steward of Liverpool. Incidentally, the late Lord Sefton was a man of most excellent fancy with a very keen wit. His son has

followed in his footsteps, and has always been to the fore where cross-country sport and also flat racing are concerned; he has also been Field Master of the Cottesmore in the happy days when it was not considered a cardinal sin to take a delight in trying to ride as close up to the sterns of a flying pack as the Fates would allow you to do. Lord Sefton also played the polo game pretty well, and was in the Blues regimental team—not that, at that time, it was in the first flight, but he was co-opted for other teams as well, and always possessed that fundamental necessity for a good player, the talent of good horsemanship. So good luck on the 26th.

Why Run Him?

THE trainer of Prince Regent, the best steeple-chase horse in Ireland, must have known all that was needed before the Leopardstown Handicap Steeplechase, 3 miles 300 yards, on March 20th, because this horse had already beaten Heirdom by three lengths in a canter on February 13th at Naas over 3 miles 76 yards. On that occasion the weights were: Prince Regent, 12 st. 3 lb.; Heirdom, 9 st. 7 lb. In this race on the 20th they were: Prince Regent, 12 st. 7 lb., and Heirdom, 9 st. 7 lb., and Prince Regent was beaten, after a terribly gruelling struggle, by a head. He had won every time they had asked him to up till this and he has had quite a lot of it.



The R.A. Officers' Rugby Club, Malta

The Royal Artillery Officers' Rugby Club team was photographed before playing a match with Malta War Headquarters. Front row: Lt. S. C. Akerman, Lt. J. A. Gale, Lt. P. A. Sheridan, Lt. J. Stickland, M.C. Middle row: Lt. H. P. Cohen, 2nd Lt. L. W. Gay, Lt. J. Geoffrey Hanwell (captain and hon. secretary), Lt. Branson, 2nd Lt. J. B. Potter. Back row: Lt. E. C. Baker, Capt. M. W. Scott, Lt. Fenning, Lt. D. C. Bond, Major J. T. Robinson, Capt. J. B. Ragg, Capt. G. G. Rose



American Army Officers Somewhere in England

Major William W. Ward, Lt.-Col. Chas. F. Sleeper, Lt.-Col. Jefferson E. Kidd, Lt.-Col. Russell A. Baker, Lt.-Col. Clinton R. Boo, Lt.-Col. Chas. E. Beauchamp, Major Thomas C. Adams. Middle row: Majors Chas. R. Smith, Thos. G. Lewis, Capt. Clarence N. Dunn, Major Thos. E. Elder, Major Arthur D. Fille, Major James K. Gaynor, Major Clarence J. Weidman. Back row: Lt. William G. Lyons, Lt. William G. Malone, Lt. Fred B. Lorenz, Capt. John C. Bucher, Capt. Dova F. Shields, Capt. Sol Radam, Lt. Raymond J. Cochran, Lt. James J. Jensen

D. R. Stuart



M.T.B. Rams U-Boat

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

It takes all sorts to make up the average R.N.V.R. crew of a Motor Torpedo Boat—yachtsmen, clerks, gardeners, writers and so on—but although most of their training has been done during the war period, the result is a very gallant band of young men, the pick of the Wavy Navy. This particular M.T.B. is a Vosper-built ship. The details of the drama speak for themselves. We note the expression of the ship's cat in the starboard torpedo tube and the presence of but one Beuttler seagull, a loyal bird if ever there was one. M.T.B.s are part of those "Light Naval Forces" which harry German convoys and other shipping round the Dutch and French coasts; their stirring escapades and daring tactics are a glorious part of the Navy's unceasing bid for the mastery of the seas

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Parsonage

THE Parson's Wife, as a figure, is firmly fixed in one's English idea of Society.

In the village community, in the country parish, she is more in evidence than in town. If she has acquired any romance, it is of the mossy kind that forms about a tradition—like the spire, the pond and the inn-sign, she remains in our hearts as part of the local scene. But, unlike these inanimate objects, she has to work. Her activities, as a rule, are taken for granted, unless they miscarry—then she is criticised. Her failings, I fear, command more attention than do her (generally) many good qualities. On the whole, she is cast (though with kindness) as a comedy character: English fiction has drawn for some of its funniest pages on the good lady's little absurdities, and "she still shares the rather faded honours of the comic stage with the maiden aunt, the Anglo-Indian colonel, the schoolmaster, and, of course, the Aberdonian and the mother-in-law." But it is a national habit to laugh at our institutions. And England would not be England without the Parson's Wife.

England, however, was England for a surprisingly long time before she ever appeared. For some centuries, the church spire, that now casts its evening shadow across the rectory lawn, over-topped a village that knew not the Parson's Wife and would have been horrified to think that she could exist. Most of our old village churches preceded the Reformation—of which the Parson's Wife was to be the child. The sixteenth century saw her rather dubious beginnings. What were these? We are told, in the first chapter of Miss Margaret Watt's *The History of the Parson's Wife* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.).

From the Reformation up to the present day our heroine has had, Miss Watt shows, her ups and downs. We first find her suspiciously spoken of as "the priestess woman." It was her claims to matrimony, and its attendant status, that after the Reformation raised such a storm. Before then, ambiguous but discreetly concealed ladies had been tolerated in the homes of some priests and bishops. When Henry VIII. threw off Rome and its rulings, the question of marriage for clergy could not fail to come up. The King, though seen to favour marriage himself, was still not so sure that he thought it right for the clergy; it is said he "feared they would breed too quickly." Though all out for change in other directions, Henry felt that the cloth would do well to keep to what we might call "friends." However, while the point remained undecided, a number of the clergy hastened to marry. For this hurry to set up as honest men, terrible retribution followed in Mary's reign. Well into Elizabeth's reign extended a long, anomalous period in which, surprising as it may seem to us, a wife did more damage than any mistress

to a Church of England priest's reputation for piety and hopes of promotion. We have, here, Queen Elizabeth's cutting farewell to her first Archbishop's wife, "the equivocal Mrs. Parker." However, prejudice lapsed; the position defined itself. The celibate priest's dwelling became the roomy parsonage of to-day.

History and Fiction

"THE HISTORY OF THE PARSON'S WIFE" contains portraits—word-portraits, I mean—of a number of ladies in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Touched in with humour and understanding, and often with admiration that they deserve, these ladies make, for at least the ordinary reader, their first bows in the pages of history. Miss Watt must have delighted in her research—a research ingenious, wide and thorough—in a field that has been, strangely, little explored. She has drawn on records, memoirs, journals, biography. And contemporary hearsay is given its full value—Mrs. Cranmer, for instance, is said to have found it better to travel in a closed box with ventilation holes punched in the lid. One must take it that her journeys were really necessary. After the Archbishop's martyrdom, at Oxford, Mrs. Cranmer incurred some odium by remarrying twice.

It was during the eighteenth century, Miss Watt shows, that the position of the married clergyman and his family both became less precarious and improved socially. Queen Anne, to whom is owed the substantial good of the Bounty, showed herself kinder than Queen Elizabeth. The early eighteenth-century parson



Second Daughter for Author-Pilot

Pauline Rickey, seen above with her mother and two-year-old sister, Ann, was born in February. Her father, Wing Cdr. P. H. Rickey, holder of the D.F.C. and Belgian Croix de Guerre, and author of "Fighter Pilot," married in 1939 Miss Teresa Lister Robinson, daughter of Sir Roy and Lady Lister Robinson

had often been an uncouth, if excellent, fellow, whose place was below the salt. But now the younger sons of the landed families asked nothing better than to enter the Church. Miss Watt contrasts Parson Adams with Henry Tilney. Private incomes went to the upkeep of parsonages, which were often as lavish in

way of living as the manor-house at the other end of the village. . . . In the nineteenth century, the age of the idyllic rectory was at its height—many children in the nursery, many servants in the kitchen, many roses in the garden and, if fewer horses in the stables, more books in the library: the "intellectual" rectory was not rare. From such homes, with their dignity and their happiness, how many distinguished English men and women have come! There were, equally, hard scenes, hard living and hard fates. But from bleak Haworth the Brontë genius sprang.

The chapter headed "The Parson's Wife in Fiction" deals excellently with a whole troop of characters, headed by Mrs. Proudie and Mrs. Norris. But I was deeply sorry to find omitted my friend Mrs. Weeks (out of Miss Macnaughtan's *Christina M'Nab*), with her optimism, her children with pinned-on handkerchiefs and her Little Tin Gee-gee.

Regency

"REGENCY ROUNDABOUT," by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is a feast for amateurs of that period. It is a scrapbook, in which the various cut-outs have been placed in intriguing relation to one another. Miss Stuart, as author of (Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

IT was a perfect night. One of those star-spangled nights which

winter so often gives us as a recompense for its cold and its rain. The air was still. Not a sound was to be heard except the quiet symphony of nature all round—which music is never absent to all those of her lovers who care to listen. A thin crescent moon hung in a sky of so deep a blue that only the outline of the hills, brooding in silence, proved it to be other than the colour of inky blackness. The few stars which shone were of a size and brightness which appeared almost unnatural. And everywhere there was a stillness which could almost be felt. Such sounds of human life as broke this silence were so far away and subdued that they were like echoes of something happening miles and miles away. Below me the valley lay shrouded in mist and night; with some imagination, it might have been mistaken for a hill-bound loch or some estuary of the sea. Only the spire of the village church pierced this illusion and brought reality to the scene. Cold as it was, I think I must have sat there nearly an hour—wondering, among other things, why so many public seats should be so placed that they turn their backs to the loveliest vista and are content, as in this instance, to face roof-tops and an electric pylon.

There I sat, asking myself once again how seldom you seem to get close to either God or Nature except when you are quite alone. How even the presence of one human being will break the link between

By Richard King

you and communion with your own soul. How,

drinking in the silence of beauty—that silence which, however, is so full of lovely sound—even a human footfall will make the spirit withdraw into itself, seeking shelter, preparing for self-defence. And how much kinder and more profound, less callous and of deeper understanding, human society would be if more people spent more time being alone, and sought more often for that beauty which is all around us if we but turn our gaze occasionally away from the human form and listen less to the babble of human tongues. I even hold the belief that many of us would be happier and more content, and would view those events of life which now harry and dismay us in that sense of proportion the lack of which too often means anger and jealousy, frustration and bitterness. That, at least, is my conviction, though, being human, I too seldom live up to my own precepts.

Nevertheless, as I sat there in that night silence which is yet so full of "life" and sound, I thought to myself that, had I to fight, I would fight for a breathing-space in life such as this—and the freedom to enjoy it to its full in peace and quiet ecstasy. That whatever life may be in work and vaulting ambition, in love and planning, it is meaningless unless we have cultivated a richness within ourselves which makes us independent, mentally and spiritually, of all else; so that when it would appear as if for a brief period Time stands still, that mysterious quality we call our soul can still go marching on.



Phillips — Till

Lieut. Claude Phillips, R.A., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Phillips, of Stamford, and Freda Till, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Till, of Ferriby, East Yorkshire, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Shaw — Baines

Lieut. E. Derek Shaw, R.N.V.R., second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Leslie Shaw, of Preston, Cheshire, and Margaret Baines, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Baines, of New Barnet, were married at Holy Trinity, Lyonsdown, New Barnet

Ward, Harrow
Pannell — Baillie

Sub-Lieut. R. W. Pannell, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pannell, of Toadstools, Fetcham, Surrey, married Mildred Yvonne Baillie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Baillie, of Elmwood, Harrow, at St. Mary's Church, Harrow

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Holt — Morris

Officer Cadet G. H. P. Holt, R.A.C., only son of Major and Mrs. H. P. Holt, of Lackham House, Chippenham, Wilts., married Jean Vivienne Morris, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Morris, of 19, Wilton Place, S.W.; at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

F. B. Barker
Hamilton — Fletcher

Captain Adam Muir Hamilton, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late G. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, of Blackland, Paisley, married Mrs. Joan Nita Mary Fletcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bowring, of Tangiers, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Gordon — Norris

Lieut. Oswald Buchan Gordon, The Cameronians, third son of the late R. B. Gordon, and Mrs. Rudd, of 1, North Park Terrace, Glasgow, married Iris Joy Norris at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the only child of Major and Mrs. Norris, of Milton Abbas, Dorset



Swithinbank — Skinner

Lieut. Denis Furnivall Swithinbank, D.S.C., R.N., son of Capt. C. W. Swithinbank, of 28, North Park Rd., S.E., married Valerie Sybil Henry Skinner, daughter of Eng. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. O. W. Skinner, of 12, Mandeville Court, N.W., at Hampstead Parish Church



Wynn — Smith-Thomas

Roland Tempest Beresford Wynn, son of the late Hon. C. H. and Mrs. Wynn, of Corwen, North Wales, married Eleanor Mary Tydfil Smith-Thomas, daughter of the late A. E. Smith-Thomas, and of Mrs. R. Burden, of Five Wells, Brentwood, Essex, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Washbourn — Herapath

Lt.-Commander Richard Everley Washbourn, D.S.O., R.N., son of E. A. Washbourn, of Nelson, New Zealand, married June Beatrice Medwin Herapath, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Medwin Herapath, of Guildford

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 43)

Another wedding in London on the same day was the marriage of Lord and Lady Mostyn's eldest son to Miss Yvonne Stuart Johnson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton, Cheshire, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom is in the 9th Lancers and only got home from the Middle East a few days before his wedding. The Bishop of Chester officiated, assisted by the Bishop of St. Asaph (Mostyn Hall is near St. Asaph), the Archdeacon of Middlesex, and the Rev. R. F. Baker, Rector of Astbury. The bride was given away by her father, and the best man was Captain Lionel Close, the 9th Lancers.

Christening

YOUNG Lady Jane Stanhope, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harrington, was christened at Elvaston, in Derbyshire, and there was a party afterwards at her home, Elvaston Castle, the garden of which supplied the daffodils and banks of flowering myrtle that decorated the church. Ornate white cardboard did its war work of imitating icing over the large christening cake, and among the crowd admiring it in the Gothic hall of the castle were the godparents, Miss Hilda Crossley, Mrs. Cedric Boyd, Mrs. T. F. C. Frost, Major T. P. Barber, Mr. R. de la Beresford Pierse, Mrs. A. Warre, Mr. Yarnton-Mill, Mr. J. A. W. Blinney and Lady Kildare.

Among others there were Mrs. Luke Lillingston (Lord Harrington's mother), who used to go so well out hunting before the war, riding astride in a velvet cap and with a black patch over her eye, Captain Luke Lillingston, Lady Kathleen Hare and Mrs. R. Clegg (aunts), Mr. and Mrs. B. Marion-Crawford (cousins), the Hon. G. Wellesley, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Ann, Mrs. T. P. Barber and Miss H. Barber, Miss M. Philips, Mrs. L. Hardy, Mrs. R. K. Knowles, Mr. Robin Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Hubbard and Miss Joyce Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Peach, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Poyser.

S.S.A.F.A.

FOUNDED in 1885 and going stronger than ever, the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association (the airmen have, of course, been added since 1885) is running a series of three Sunday concerts at the Bagatelle Restaurant on April 18th, May 2nd and May 30th. The King and Queen and Queen Mary are Patrons of the Association, and among those connected with it who are actively organising the concert are Hilda, Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, C.B.E., Baroness Ravensdale, Lady Winifred Renshaw, Lady Smith-Dorrien, D.B.E., Lady Pound, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, the Hon. Mrs. Harry Adeane, the Marchioness of Willingdon, C.I., G.B.E., Lady Portal, Lady Aline Vivian, Lady Chatfield, the Countess of Plymouth and Mrs. A. F. Daubeney, at whose charming Hill Street flat a meeting was held to discuss the concerts. Many famous artistes have promised to appear, including Madame Jelly d'Aranyi, Miss Frances Day, Madame Lena Menova, Miss Polly Ward, Mr. Russell Thorndike, Mr. Ernest Milton and Mr. Adrian Holland.

The S.S.A.F.A. specialises in the help and care of the Service families, and it has done, and is doing, untold good in a quarter where it is much needed.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

those two delightful books *The Daughters of George III.* and *The Mother of Queen Victoria*, read widely, and could not (she says) resist cramming her notebooks with "rich and quaint irrelevancies" that caught her fancy. These she has stored up, but not in the mean sense hoarded, for for our pleasure and benefit they are now released.

One uses the adjective "Regency" with a good deal of vagueness, and attributes so many fashions and types to this period that it might have lasted thirty years rather than nine. The Prince Regent is a more famous figure than the King George IV. When, on January 11th, 1811, he "took over"—as described in the first chapter of *Regency Roundabout*—he was forty-nine. Hopes of his father's return to sanity had been abandoned; the occasion was, therefore, a sad one, which the mature Prince, who had long been champing for power, contrived to meet with becoming tact. . . . This really rather short English period called the Regency was to be a glorious one. It looked on at Napoleon's retreat from Moscow; it could take to itself the glory of Waterloo. In it, the major Romantic poets were at their height. Within it, Jane Austen wrote her three greatest novels—*Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, *Persuasion*. In it, a great part of London was nobly planned. Inside the fastnesses of Society there were witty, enchanting and difficult men and women.

All the same, this period had a soft under-side—and Miss Stuart, rather relentlessly, turns the impressive tortoise over on to its back. After the opening chapter we quit royal society. Miss Stuart considers, perfectly rightly, that the dashing side of the Regency has been overdrawn. "Sensibility," tame archness and luxurious piety tend to dominate all the following scenes: this, that we took to be an age of Harriet Wilsons, is revealed to be an age of Harriet Smiths. Minor verse and prose extracts in the sub-style of the Regency compose a stylist's museum of the horrific. But the effect, I may say, could not be funnier. Of "The Regency Female," Chapter II. gives, I should think, a pretty all-round account, while in "Serious Circles" we meet the earnest groups. Having a passion for the seaside—at this moment rather badly frustrated—I particularly enjoyed "Sea Air," which describes the coming to fashion, the growth and the aspirations of many ex-villages round these coasts:—

Where only shepherds and fishermen had led their arduous, unfashionable lives, were to be seen ladies in pelisettes, scarves and feathers, gentlemen in green coats or blue, buckskin breeches or nankeen pantaloons; for the wives of the shepherds and fishermen were now letting lodgings; harps were tilted with difficulty through narrow doors and modish faces peeped out through diamond-paned windows never opened by any mortal hand. . . . Enterprising contractors began to plan Crescents and Terraces with such topical names as "Wellington," "Clarence" and "Trafalgar." And presently Assembly Rooms came into being, each with a small bandstand calling itself a Rotunda, and some with small verandahs which called themselves Piazzas. Everything had to be as nearly as possible à la mode de Vauxhall.

"Footlights" gives us the stage of the period; and you will enjoy "The Regency Muse (Minor)." The only chapter I found at all disappointing was "The Young Persons." We run through Commerce and Medicine, and close with inky descriptions of the all-out Regency funeral.

Has the Regency been, perhaps, a little over-deflated by Miss Stuart's work with scissors and pen? She has let the period speak for itself—and, alas, it has sadly given itself away. *La Belle Assemblée*, *The Lady's Monthly Museum*, and other august and elegant periodicals are the sources of some of the pictures and letterpress.

Bad Company

"LETTERS FROM THE BIG HOUSE," by Jim Phelan (Cresset Press; £1 7s. 6d.), is a grim and terrible book. If you care to read it, you must put your ordinary tastes and feelings into reverse. "The Big House" is a prison—Fenfield-on-the-Marsh—and the characters are convicts, all of them serving long-term or life sentences. Internationals of the crime world—an Australian and an American loom large—they, in a number of cases, have behind them a record of far-flung jails. The jail-jargon has been faithfully notated. "Lip-still" talk, evading the warden's notice, is an accomplishment of the old lags.

Few gleams of humanity, hardly a normal value, remain with the denizens of this dark, timeless world. The moral black-out appears almost complete. The normal, human reaction is represented by Aubrey Morrison, the young warden, new to the job, which he has taken (against his young wife's strong feeling) because he can find no other and must support his children. We watch Aubrey tackle his duties manfully, but with his nerves and emotions raw. The older warders, by contrast, are immunised. Some of the stories—particularly "One by Night" and "In Due Course"—cross the border-line into the horrific. I may say that, by the end of *Letters from the Big House*, the prison incident in Mr. Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, which appeared to be on the plane of high fantasy, becomes disturbingly probable. . . . If you are prepared to face up to the worst, where humanity is concerned, read *Letters from the Big House*. I cannot say that I liked it; but I did respect its realism.

Student Nurse

BY contrast, Miss Conyth Little's *The Black Thumb* (Crime Club; £1 7s. 6d.) seems as gay and innocent as a nursery rhyme. The scene is the isolation wing of an American hospital, the narrator the young nurse Norma—who has much to contend with. I always love Miss Little's narrator-heroes, and Norma is certainly true to form. Trim, pert, courageous and greedy (she sustains herself throughout a New York heat-wave, punctuated by murders, on an almost non-stop diet of coffee and buttered toast), she has a flow of back-chat that never fails. The mystery is taut, the solution fair.



"Women in War Service" At-Home

The Women's Adjustment Board Committee are already making plans for the re-absorption of women now engaged on war work into civilian employment after the war. At a recent At-Home, referred to on page 40 of this issue, the Chairman, the Duchess of Sutherland, addressed the meeting. Other speakers, seen above, were Lady Waddilove, Mrs. Robert (Commandant, Women's Legion), Mrs. Euan Wallace (W.V.S.), the Countess of Limerick, C.B.E. (Deputy Chairman of the British Red Cross), and Air Commodore J. A. Chamier



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION



No one can fail to be delighted with the collection of furs which Percy Vickery, 245, Regent Street, has assembled in his salons. To him must be given the credit of the ocelot and nutria model portrayed on this page—it really is a gilt-edge investment. Furthermore, it will be found a fount of inspiration where remodelling is concerned. It could easily be made from two coats that are not quite as fresh as they might be. This firm is particularly successful in remodelling. As they are thinking of the spring, here are to be seen some decorative boleros suitable for day or evening wear, but they are very limited in number; some only need five coupons. Among the furs represented are lynx, skunk, lamb, moleskin and musquash flank. There is a wealth of choice in coats, some of them being endowed with decidedly flared skirts. Civet cat has come into its own and must be placed in the category of hard-wearing pelts. The skins are worked in a remarkably artistic manner.

BY M. E. BROOKE

New hats are ever associated with the spring. There is something about them which acts as a mental tonic, at least such was the opinion of an eminent physician. The advance guard of the fashionable models may be studied in the salons of Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge. Those seen on this page are sponsored by her. The *chef d'œuvre* on the extreme left is of black ballibuntal trimmed with velvet, the brim edged with gauged white lace, the entire scheme being in harmony with the times. Panama lac with double brim makes the model next to it, its charm being increased with a taffeta bow. Last but by no means the least attractive of the trio is carried out in Panama lac ornamented with taffeta. Practical and attractive are the felt hats for country wear. Some are trimmed with miniature wings in contrasting colours. Others have large bows and are arranged at the edge of the brim: they suggest large hair-protectors. There is nothing stiff about them, as they are made in various shapes. Everyone must make a point of visiting these salons in the near future.

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(Top right) In woollen mixture bouclé, with attractive sugar-stick stripes on black, navy or nigger ground. "Trubenised" collar. Sizes 13, 13½, 14.

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(Right) Another Hart shirt in art tie silk with "Trubenised" cuffs. Dark royal, maroon, red or navy ground with gay overprints. Sizes 34 to 40.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

ALTHOUGH as big and strong as the policeman who had arrested him, the man with the close-cropped hair and brutal face allowed himself to be marched towards the police-station.

There had been the usual crowd in anticipation of a scrap, but it had drifted away when they saw there was nothing doing. Even the policeman admitted it was the tamest arrest he had made for many a day.

"It isn't like you to go so quietly," he remarked.

"What's taken all the ginger out of you?"

The prisoner sighed.

"I've got my best clothes on."

THE coloured man was brought into court, charged with stealing chickens from a neighbour. The judge asked him if he had anything to say in his defence.

"Ah sure has, yo' honour," returned the accused. "When Ah stole dat first chicken, mah conscience begins to bother me somethin' terrible. So de nex' day, Ah came back and apologized to de owner—and he done forgive me."

"Yes, yes," snapped the judge, "but then you hurried straight back to the hen coop and stole another chicken. How do you explain that?"

The defendant scratched his head.

"Yo' see, yo' honour," he said, "it's dis way: When Ah went to apologize, Ah made a mistake. Ah done apologized fo' two chickens instead of one!"

"THANK you, madam," said counsel at the end of a long cross-examination. "I hope I have not troubled you unduly with all those questions."

"Not at all," replied the witness. "I have two small children at home."

Rags. Rubber, Paper, Bones.



She Plays the Gangster's Moll

Virginia Winter is one of our coming young actresses. At the moment she is appearing in "Brighton Rock," the Brighton race-gang thriller at the Garrick Theatre, taking the part of the sluttish gangster's moll. Twenty-five years old, Virginia has been on the stage for twelve years. Her first appearance was at the Old Vic, under Harcourt Williams's direction, in the now famous Gielgud season of 1931

A SLIGHTLY hilarious guest at a party embraced a strange woman by mistake. He apologised: "Excuse me, madam," he said, "but I thought you were my wife."

"You're a nice sort of husband for any woman to have, you clumsy, tipsy brute," said the woman angrily.

"There!" exclaimed the convivial one, triumphantly, "you talk just like her, too."

AN official, completing the records of a young woman volunteer for war service, asked who was her next-of-kin.

"I haven't any," she said.

"What!" said the official, "no father, mother, aunts, brothers, sisters, uncles?"

"No," she said, and then, after a pause, she added doubtfully: "There's my husband, if he'll do."

THE chief discovered in his office one morning that he had left his penknife at home. Coming into the general office he tried vainly to borrow one from the clerks.

Finally, the office boy put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a rather battered knife.

"How is it, Jimmy?" said the chief, looking at the boy with admiration, "that you alone of my entire staff have a pocket knife with you?"

"Don't know, sir," replied the boy, "unless it is that my wages are so low that I can't afford more than one pair of trousers."

YOUNG Tommy came into the kitchen in a great hurry.

"Mother," he said, breathlessly, "we've knocked the ladder down in the garden."

"Well, don't bother me," replied mother, rather crossly. "Tell daddy about it."

"But he's hanging from the window ledge upstairs, mother."

THIS story concerns the famous old-time comedian Arthur Roberts.

Having dined far too well before a dress rehearsal of the musical comedy, *H.M.S. Irresponsible*, Roberts appeared as an admiral with uniform buttoned up anyhow, and wearing a Panama instead of a cocked hat.

"Mr. Roberts," shouted the distracted producer, "look at your clothes! And you've got your sweater on the wrong side."

"Have I?" said Roberts. "Then turn the sweater round."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Short Measures

FEW gifts are more valuable to the climber—whether social, commercial or political—than the gift of avoiding being involved in arguments. I feel that my right course in the controversy about Short Brothers and the Government decision to take over their shares, would be to say nothing.

I would then stand a fair chance of remaining a friend of both sides, be spared much acrimonious correspondence, avoid risks of libel actions and prevent myself from putting a financial foot into it.

For the transaction was mainly financial. Short Brothers remains in name, but the proprietors are different and the directors are different. My abysmal ignorance of financial machinery gets in the way when I try to understand it all. But I do claim some slight acquaintance with aviation and on that side, whatever the damage I do myself and however many friends I lose, I must speak clearly.

Short Brothers are one of the great pioneer aviation companies. When governments scoffed and the public was apathetic, Short Brothers had faith in flying and risked their worldly goods in pursuance of the indications of that faith.

Flying Boats

WHEN governments starved the air—both civil and military—Short Brothers supported it. When good design got little or no recompense, Short Brothers produced good designs. They led the way in flying boats—a type of aircraft which, judging from the clamours of today one might suppose was entirely developed abroad.

They gave us, in the Sunderland, one of the flying boats which took the strain in the war against U-boats right at the start of the war. They provided us with the foundations for future development in big bombers. And they did all these things without government aid or interference.

Much more they did before the bureaucrats stepped



Three Naval Decorations

Act. Lieut. James Rankin, R.N., received the D.S.C.; Lieut. Alexander Fraser-Harris, R.N., a bar to the D.S.C.; and Act. Sub Lieut. Lionel Twiss, R.N.V.R., the D.S.C. and bar, at a recent investiture

in and before the committees began sitting. They did these things because they are craftsmen in aircraft and no craftsman considers any other matter except the thing he is creating.

Now they are swept away. A new set of directors, distinguished men, mostly with interests in tramways and omnibuses, step in by order. It does not seem to matter if any of them have staked their futures on aviation.

Everybody in aviation is convinced of the absolute sincerity of Sir Stafford Cripps. No doubt by the time these notes appear a fuller statement of what has happened and why will be issued. But no statement however long and however skilful, can hide from those who have lived for and worked in aviation the fact that one of the great firms has been hollowed out and left an empty shell. Aviation without Short Brothers is Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark or something very like it.

Better Still

AT almost every stage in the campaign that began at El Alamein and went on to Tunisia, there has been some improvement in the air-land integration. I have often mentioned previous achievements, but even these have been surpassed by the latest feats.

The Western Desert air forces have learnt how to fight their two battles simultaneously with amazing skill; the battle for the air and the battle from the air.

The first must be won before the low-level bombers and fighter-bombers can go in effectively and take part in the second.

While these words are in the press further air-land activities will be in progress and we have reason to hope that they will eventually lead to the expulsion of the Axis forces from North Africa.

It was good to see full tribute paid to those who have contrived this integration. It was not easy to do, but the results have repaid all the trouble that was taken, and men have been served by good machine.

The fighters have been "deserted" efficiently—a thing not easy to do—and the armament of the tank busters has been studied and some of the early difficulties overcome. The medium bombers have proved their worth in the intensive air raiding that has always preceded the moves of the Eighth Army.

Wings for the Prime Minister

THE granting of wings to Mr. Winston Churchill was approved by all officers and airmen in the Royal Air Force. For him no honour can be too high. Moreover, he has done quite a lot of flying though I am uncertain if he has flown solo. It will be a pleasure to see him wearing wings when next he dons his admiral's uniform.

It is assumed, of course, that this is not a precedent and that no other distinguished people will be given Royal Air Force wings. This badge is not a decoration, it is a sign that the person wearing it has gone through a Service flying course which gives him reasonable competency as a Service pilot (note the word Service).

The use of wings should be jealously guarded so that no unauthorised persons are permitted to wear them. It is only because of this that they have their worth and are a fitting tribute to the one who will eventually be recognised everywhere as the greatest statesman we have ever produced.

I see, by the way, that somebody mentioned that there are cases working in the opposite sense to that of the Prime Minister, that is officers in the Royal Air Force with long flying experience who are not entitled to wear wings and who do not do so. A friend mine—one of the finest pilots who have ever lived—is in this position. Because his flying was as a civilian test pilot he does not, now that he is an officer in the R.A.F., wear wings.

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(Right)

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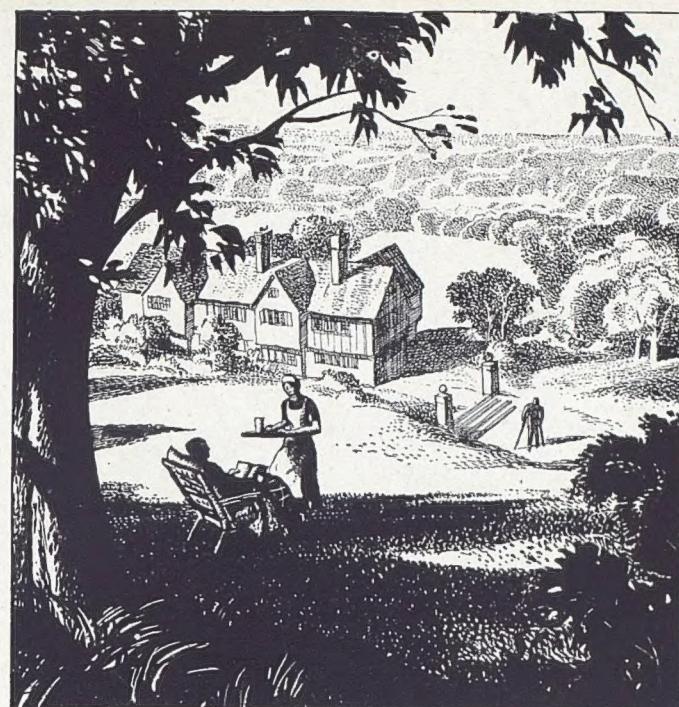
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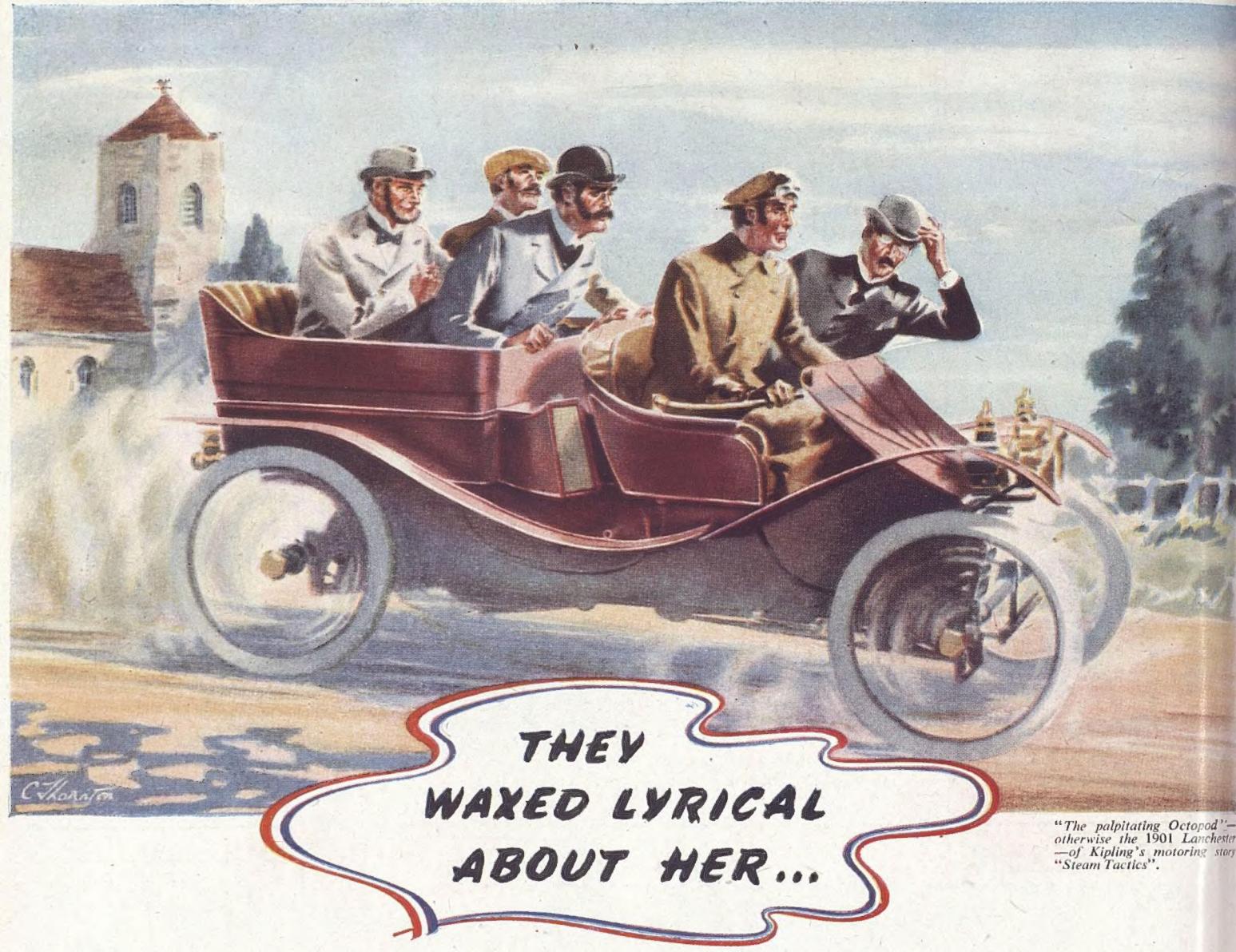
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